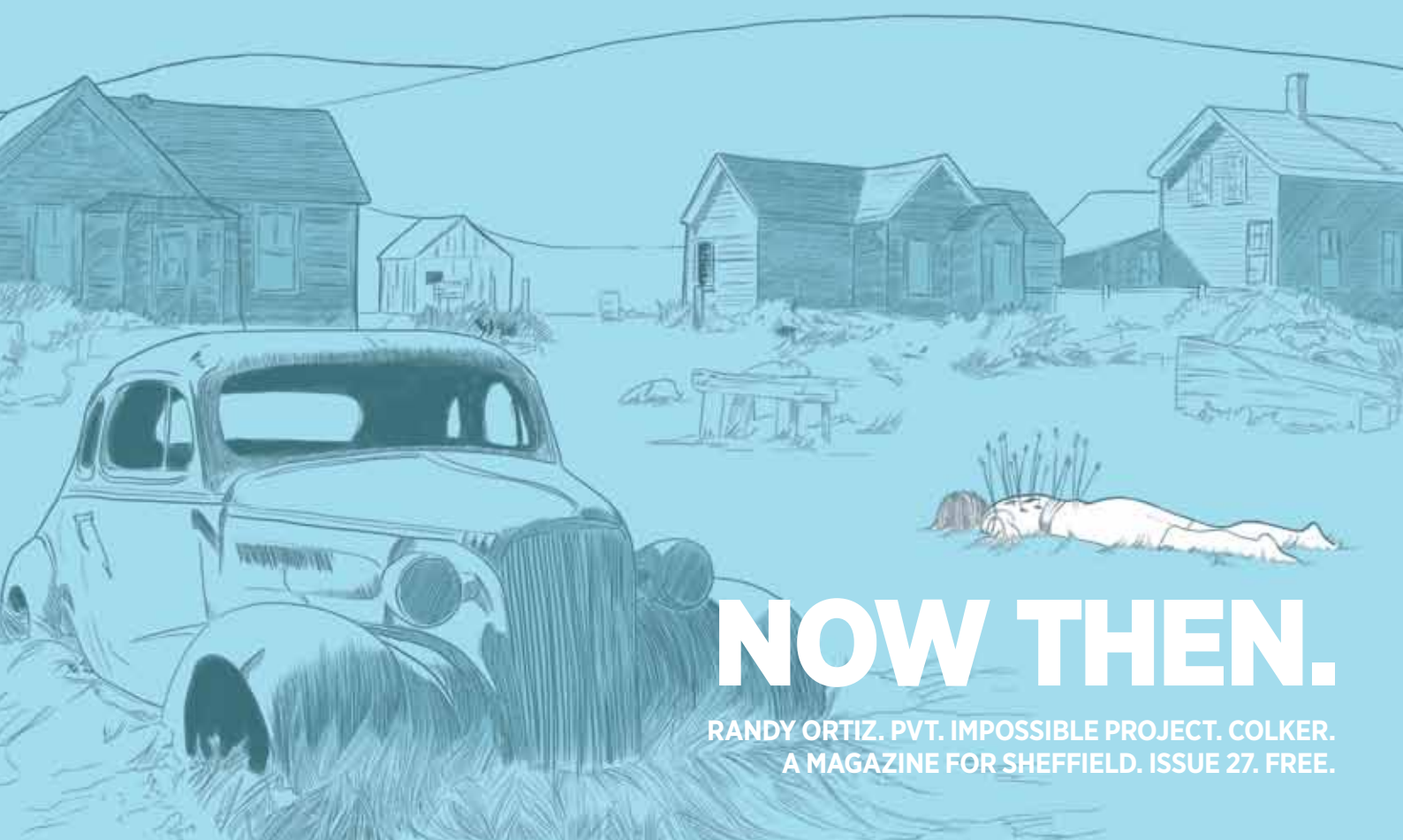




NOW THEN.

RANDY ORTIZ. PVT. IMPOSSIBLE PROJECT. COLKER.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 27. FREE.

At almost 160 metres above sea level, Arbourthorne is the highest of all Sheffield's viewpoints, and is not to be attempted recklessly, or in wet weather. The view from the summit makes the climb worthwhile, though: mists and clouds move through the city at your feet, and you can see out over the crest of every other hill, and miles into the distance.

The sheer height of the summit, and the steep drop to the city centre, give this view an almost Alpine feel. Happy, multi-coloured wooden houses only add to the Nordic vibe. And though reality is a little bleaker (those are boarded-up pubs, not ski lodges) it doesn't matter at all. As you climb onto the final grass plateau, straight out of the Sound of Music, you'll feel like a real-life mountaineer.

For more information please visit: sheffieldpublicitydepartment.blogspot.com

VIEW POINT 2

ARBOURTHORNE



KEY:
VIEW POINT
ROUTE (TO SCALE)
ZONE OF ZERO INTEREST

HOW TO GET TO THE START:
Go to McDonalds on Queens Road, about five minutes from the train station. Walk up Granville Road. This is a Zone of Zero Interest, a suburban wasteland like you'd find in the South of England. But don't lose heart: things improve very soon.

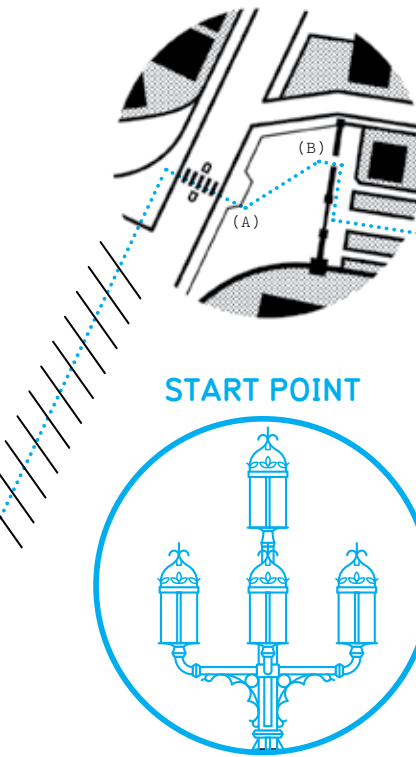
DIRECTIONS:
A: OFFICIAL START POINT: The walk begins at an ornate blue lamppost, straight out of Mary Poppins. Behind it, you'll see Norfolk Park, one of the city's finest.
B: Go through the arch into the park. The arch bears the motto SOLAR VIRTUS INVICTUS, which means BRAVERY ALONE IS INVINCIBLE.
C: Walk up through a proud avenue of handsome Turkish Oaks that were planted 160 years ago.

DIRECTIONS CONTINUED:
D: MINI VIEW: At the bench, turn and look back, down a straight ski-run to the city, dominated by the new tower block, made of plastic like a toy.
E: Keep walking up the wide path, past the new playgrounds on both sides.
F: Past the Centre in the Park (toilets and refreshments are available).
G: You'll reach an arch with no building attached. Go through to find a miniview.
H: MINI VIEW: See Skye Edge on your right (where you were last time), the gasometer at Neepsend in front of you, and four hills climbing up to the great outdoors.
I: Go back through the arch and turn right. Keep going along the path.
J: At the junction, turn left. Stop to admire the sculpture of a metal alien feeding a metal deer.

VIEW POINT 2

ARBOURTHORNE

DIRECTIONS CONTINUED:
K: Keep going up the wooded path. Go through the gate, and straight on, ignoring the bridge.
L: Walk up the hill, past the school, and alongside the new buildings.
M: At the tram-tracks turn left. Marvel at the happy new wooden houses, available in a range of pastel colours.
N: At the end of the houses, cross the road. Follow the path down into the dip. Stick to the railings as the path begins to climb.
O: When you reach a two-foot wall, climb it. Walk straight up the grass, until it levels out.
P: Turn around.
Q: ARBOURTHORNE VIEW POINT: Epic and endless. This is a real Sheffield view.

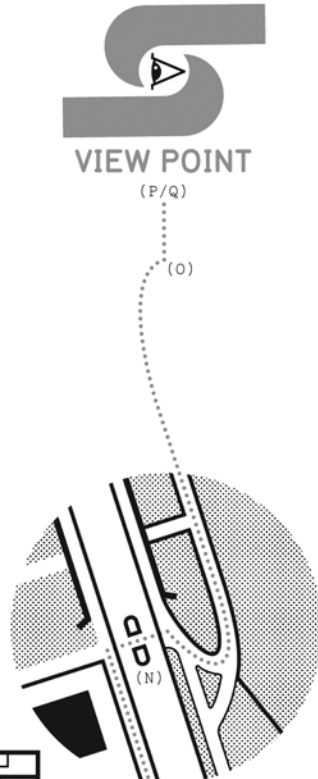


DESIGNATED D.I.Y. TREE RUBBING AREA:

MAKE YOUR TREE RUBBINGS IN THIS SPACE

- THINGS TO LOOK OUT FOR (TICK BOX):
- ☐ Abandoned ghost house out of Super Mario, just before the walk begins.
 - ☐ The rough bark of the Oak trees, like mountain ranges from above.
 - ☐ Sweet pick 'n' mix whistles of the birds above you.
 - ☐ The same birds engaged in acts of sexual ultraviolence on the pavement.
 - ☐ Dog walkers wearing their dog's leads like necklaces.
 - ☐ Poodles, spaniels, terriers and mongrels, living the high life.
 - ☐ The bearded face of the Duke of Norfolk.
 - ☐ Piles of rubble in empty squares where tower blocks once stood.
 - ☐ A furnicular railway (the tram) ready to whisk you back down the hill.

ROUTE SCALE (FT)



VIEW POINT

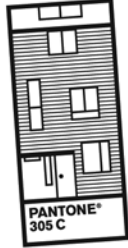
(P/Q)

(O)

(N)

(M)

(L)



ROUTE SCALE (FT)



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OF NOW THEN MAGAZINE. ENJOY THE READ.

EDITORIAL.

The festival season is upon us once more. Flat broke? Betrayed
by your own friends as they shell out near 200 quid for
Glastonbury tickets? Still weeping at the cancellation of Glade?
Then go to Peace in the Park (more on that on page 39...)

Randy Ortiz is tickling our fancy this month with weird animal
incarnations and tentacled gore. Read an interview with him
on page 24, and you will have already seen Sheffield Publicity
Department's new map on the inside cover - look out for the a3
'real' maps popping up in all the best places.

Our music interview this month is with Warp Records three-
piece Pivot (now known more concisely as PVT). Fans of Brian
Eno, take note.

This issue has a distinctly biking/sustainable energy feel to it,
as well as featuring the usual reviews and opinionated ranting.

Oh yeah, one last thing - give us feedback. If you don't tell us
where we are going wrong then how are we going to improve?
This magazine is not made for profit so its very existence
depends on opinion and dialogue. If you don't like something
you read, write your own article. It might just get published.
Don't assume we know more than you or that we don't care
what you think. You never know, we might even be able to set
up a letters page...

SAM.

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LOCALCHECK:

VIVA CICLISMO.
HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

Ah, summer! Sun, the outdoors, the simple joy of cycling.

Three cheers for cycling. It takes me back to my childhood. I am free-wheeling across the skyline with my cowhorn handlebars. I am Zorro. I feel the air rushing past my naked bodyWhoa there! Naked!? Oh yes, because June is World Naked Bike Ride time in Sheffield. The WNBR is a gloriously quixotic challenge to the indecent exposure of people and the environment to cars and pollution. It also reminds us that cyclists are vulnerable and promotes body awareness and healthy exercise. Get your kit off for the planet. It's all good clean fun that kicks off from Endcliffe Park at 10am on Saturday June 19th. WNBR virgins are invited. You can keep your clothes on if you like, and the same goes for the city's first ever Bike Festival the same afternoon on Devonshire Green. That promises to be a magnificent fiesta of wheeled pleasures, with everything from bike trailers to cycle ballet.

This month Friday Night Ride celebrates two years on the shining paths of Sheffield with its all-welcoming regular rides on a local theme. The first ever was The Full Monty – what is it about cycling and nakedness? FNR is an idea brought from London by Mick Nott, who modestly says “It’s just a ride”, although the glamorous purple website reveals how much planning goes in. This month it’s a tour of places in Sheffield associated with Ruskin; writer, artist and fierce critic of early industrial capitalism. He even founded a commune in Totley. July’s ride will tour sites in the 2008 novel The Northern Clemency. Author Philip Hensher himself has volunteered to assist. Apparently, he was brought up in Sheffield and attended Tipton School. FNR’s manifesto is all about including people, female or male, any age, any bike. Don’t worry if you’re nervous or slow because they’ll wait for you. Join the liberation parade in a large group of cyclists, cheered on by crowds as you pass.

If you prefer the Zapatista approach to cycling don't forget that Critical Mass reclaims the streets on the last Friday of every month. Not so much a group as a worldwide idea, massed bands of cyclists flood city roads to celebrate the most environmentally friendly, fun form of transport. Two wheels good, four wheels bad. Everyone’s welcome to bring a bike and follow the cycling resistance movement.

Ian Loasby, Subcomandante of Cycle Sheffield, points out that cycling in Sheffield is in a revolutionary growth stage, with new bike shops opening and far more people getting involved. A national cycling magazine puts Sheffield in the top ten of great places to cycle in the UK. Cycle Sheffield has been running – sorry, riding – for quite a while and holds two social rides every week during summer (Tuesdays and Thursdays). Their excellent website offers advice, recommended routes, a calendar of rides from Sheffield’s many cycling groups, and welcomes new contributors.

They also campaign on cycling issues. For 2010 they’re concentrating on 20mph zones, driver behaviour, awareness and cycle lanes. No doubt they have interesting discussions in working with the Council on their manāna approach to joined-up cycle routes. This isn’t anti-car - it doesn’t stop people from driving, it just creates a safer environment for everyone with little effect on journey times. Experience from across Europe shows that slower speeds in residential areas is key to increasing cycling (and walking) and avoids turning you into a Spanish omelette.

So, the June message from Sheffield’s alternative website Alt-Sheff is: The more cyclists, the better. Join the cycle liberation front. Viva ciclismo!



World Naked Bike Ride
Friday Night Ride
Critical Mass
Cycle Sheffield
Bike Week (19-27th June)
Alt-Sheff

wiki.worldnakedbikeride.org/wiki/Sheffield
sheffieldfridaynightride.org.uk
<http://bit.ly/abKXme>
cyclesheffield.org.uk
bikeweek.org.uk
alt-sheff.co.uk



SHEFFIELD BIKE FEST.

GET FIT; MAKE FRIENDS; LOOK COOL.

OLLY GALVIN.

Sheffield has seen a huge increase in the number of cyclists and cycling organisations in the city over the last few years.

Organisations like Pedal Ready, Sustrans, ReCycle and Bike It! are all hard at work encouraging and helping more people to get in the saddle. More and more people are discovering how much cheaper, healthier and more satisfying cycling is than gazing out of your car window in the middle of a traffic jam on the way to work.

We all know the benefits of cycling; save yourself a small fortune compared to running a car or using Sheffield's extortionate bus service; get fit; make friends; look cool. But the majority of us (myself included) are all too ready to hop into a car when the option's there, especially in this green city where navigating between the seven hills can seem like a Promethean effort.

The UK's biggest national cycling event, Bike Week, is running from the 19th to the 27th June. It aims to show people how easily cycling can be incorporated into everyday life and to encourage people to rethink the way they travel in their everyday lives. As part of this, Bike Week is providing encouragement and support for people who want to get involved by organising their own events. If you want to put an event on as a part of Bike Week, this year or the next, there are no restrictions or required qualifications. There have been thirteen workshops throughout the country over the last few months to help organisers get their events streamlined and well-oiled. During Bike Week there will be races, fundraising rides, picnics, barbecues and free bike and safety checks throughout the country.

As part of Bike Week, a small group of two-wheeled nuts are celebrating Sheffield's cycling community and promoting this two-wheeled type of transportation by organising a day-long festival of cycling on Devonshire Green on the 19th June, imaginatively called the Sheffield Bike Festival.

There will be gentle, professionally-led rides leaving from various points in the city. Never ridden a bike before? Come and learn on Devonshire Green with Pedal Ready. Is your bike in need of some TLC? Dr Bike and the Edinburgh Bike Co-op will be on hand to tighten and grease your faithful steed.

There will be bizarre bikes of all shapes and sizes for you to play on courtesy of Cycle Magic, as well as a 'bling your bike' competition and BMX skills workshops in the skate park.

For the more athletic among us, the British Cycling Club will be bringing their speedway track for you to race around and we will be holding a bike polo tournament while the world champion trial display team show off their skills in trials biking displays.

Chain Reaction from Leeds will be providing an entirely bike-powered soundsystem and stage, featuring the likes of Lazy Tree Surgeons, Burleskimo and the Time of Hibu for your dancing pleasure.

Whether or not you are a cyclist, we need your help. We're still looking for stewards, volunteers, enthusiasts and an audience to help us power the stage for the day - 6 hours is a long time for our sound engineer to pedal...

For more info:
sheffieldbikefestival.org.uk
bikeweek.org.uk
or call 07500 832734.



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IMPOSSIBLE PROJECT.

INSTANT FILM REBORN.

LOLA WHITE.

Everyone loves a Polaroid picture. A blurry image in pastel shades framed in white. Imperfect perfection and infinite romance captured, developed and preserved in less than thirty seconds.

The technology involved in instant film is acutely taken for granted in the 21st century, but when Dr Edwin Land, an American inventor, scientist and co-founder of the Polaroid Corporation, presented the birth of instant photography in 1947, it was miraculous. Imagine a photograph that self develops in the palm of your hand.

In 1929 Dr Land solved the long standing scientific problem of polarising light without requiring a large crystal of esoteric material. This led to a series of inventions including a sighting mechanism for tank gunners, polarised goggles for air force pilots and the creation of polarising materials for use with camera filters. Research only began into instant film and an instant camera system when Dr Land's daughter posed the question 'Why can't I see them now?'. Thankfully the demand for immediate gratification is not unique to the current youth and was indeed existent amongst the children of the 40s, otherwise instant photography may be confined to a seven megapixel display screen.

Polaroid is a brand synonymous with instant cameras and instant film, just as Sellotape is with adhesive tape, Walkman with portable audio and Katie Price with mediocrity. Despite estimates of 300 million functional Polaroid cameras on planet Earth, the Polaroid Corporation confirmed the worst fears of a loyal, albeit small, base of enthusiasts by announcing the end of instant film production in 2008. With supplies of instant film expected to last until December 2009, savvy Ebay sellers roared with belly laughter in the face of economic depression as ten packs of film commonly sold for £30 a piece. At £3 per photograph, analogue instant photography could be considered a lavish past time for those individuals who benefited from the policies of a 1980s Conservative government.

It is clear the demise of instant photography was due to the grey squirrel of photography - the digital camera. A new era of photography evolved whereby quality of image is judged by the number of pixels, where digital manipulation of images is possible, where prints cost as little as five pence each and where the convenience of uploading images onto social networking is preferred to compiling physical photo albums. These advances in photography are a marvel but there is no competitor to the analogue instant photography experience and the tangible product created as a result of the process of pointing, clicking and hoping.

Following Polaroid's announcement, Florian Kaps founded The Impossible Project in October 2008 with the aim of saving analogue instant photography. Kaps, Marwan Saba and Andre Bosman, who had worked for Polaroid as a member of its management team, secured the use of the Polaroid film factory and equipment in the Netherlands. The trio enlisted the support of Manchester based firm Harman Technology Ltd, who originally attempted to acquire the licensing rights for Polaroid instant film.

Working tirelessly since its inception, The Impossible Project now proudly presents two new formats of instant film that are compatible with the infamous SX-70 camera and the 600 camera, thus saving many Polaroids from a life of dust gathering and shelf sharing with cowboy Woody.

Both film formats are Silver Shade films in a limited First Flush edition. The First Flush edition is to celebrate the beginning of a new era of instant photography. The term 'first flush' refers to the first tea picking season of the year, typically around March, when a rich and fresh aroma can be expected from the tea leaves. The new film is said to combine all the important characteristics of traditional analogue instant film such as appearance, format, temperature sensitivity and manipulability with a unique appearance of silver based, monochrome shades.

The very first packs of test film were distributed to several international photographers and artists to build The Impossible Collection, a growing archive of contemporary instant photography artworks with the aim of revealing the potential of the new film material.

The Impossible Project plans to produce one million films in 2010, growing to three million in 2011, and to present an additional four new instant film formats throughout this year, with its first colour film available this summer.

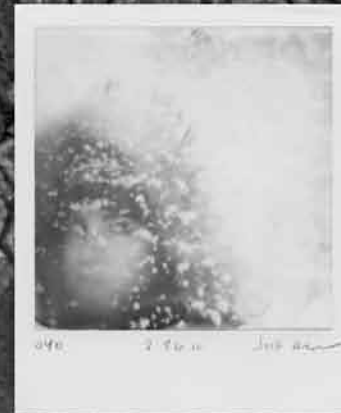
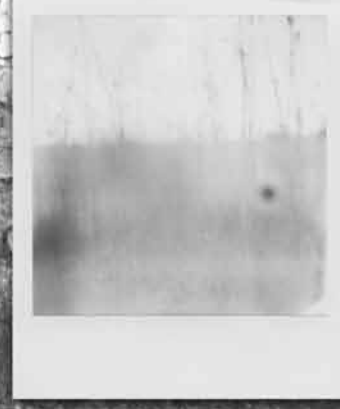
A shop and gallery, Impossible Projects Space, also opened in New York in April.

The resurrection of analogue instant photography is begun.

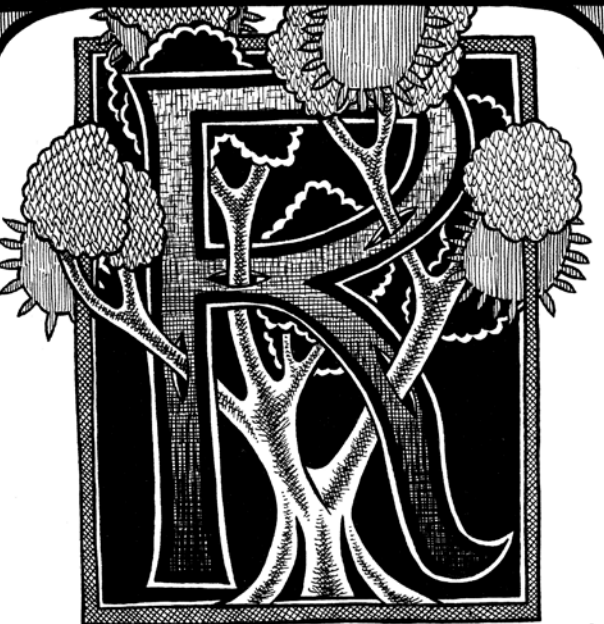
One final note. Ignore Outkast's advice. It's wrong.

**All photos taken from the Impossible Collection.
Full credits on our blog.**

**the-impossible-project.com
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SECRET SHEFFIELD.

THE TOILET AND THE GRINDSTONES.
CLARE MACKENZIE.



Butcher Works holds more secrets than I believe it gives out, another plethora of mysteries buried right in the city centre under the very noses of Sheffielders.

It nestles robustly between Sheffield University buildings and some flats. Most people only make it as far as the entranceway to Fusion café, but through the arched entrance a deceptively large courtyard opens up, proudly demonstrating its sympathetic restoration. The chimney stack in the centre lends a clue to the significance of this Grade II listed building, which was originally built in 1835 to house a cutlery and grinding workshop.

It was when craning my neck to see the top of the chimney that I was given my first jewel of a discovery. The building houses one of the first flushing toilets, made by Joseph Brahma in 1778 prior to the better known Thomas Crapper contraption, where the expression ‘the crapper’ comes from.

I just had to see this for myself. This area was not open to the public and no-one onsite was able to find a key. Richard, one of the working studios residents, informed me that David Huff would be able to help me. It’s fairly odd to phone someone out of the blue and ask them if you can gain access to a non-public, very old toilet in the name of art, but fortunately David was somewhat of a local historian and was sympathetic to my cause. He was unable to let me into these locked areas but pointed me in the direction of someone else. Nick was as helpful as David, but he was also unable to get me in. I had a brief moment of disillusionment, but when I focus on something I tend to be like a charming but slightly scary Rottweiler with a bone. Oh, and I’ll admit the girly voice comes out.

Finally, I got in touch with the caretaker of the building. When I met Wayne, it turned out we had crossed paths before, in true Sheffield style. I would also like to give a nod of solidarity to another trait of Sheffielders, which contributes to that certain ‘je ne sais quoi’ that makes Sheffield so unique. Everyone I spoke to I had never met (in the instance of Wayne, he didn’t know he had met me until we saw each other face to face), but all of them without question went out of their way to help me.

The toilet, thankfully, no longer smelt as bad as I know it once did. It in fact caused deaths in its day due to the noxious fumes it released back up from its bowels. But there it was, beautifully restored and preserved in its original glory. To be honest there is not much more you can say about a toilet. I admired it, we stood in deferential silence, took some pictures and moved on to a rather strenuous hike up some ridiculously steep stairs, clearly designed for people with a much more impressive stride than me.

When Wayne unlocked the next room it was hard to describe the emotions that washed over me. It’s subtle, like a barely audible intake of breath, but at the same time heavy and thick with the traces of industry and noise, although the room is now bereft of action. It is preserved as it once was, with the various leftover grindstones and parts that in some way made up this crudely fashioned factory line.

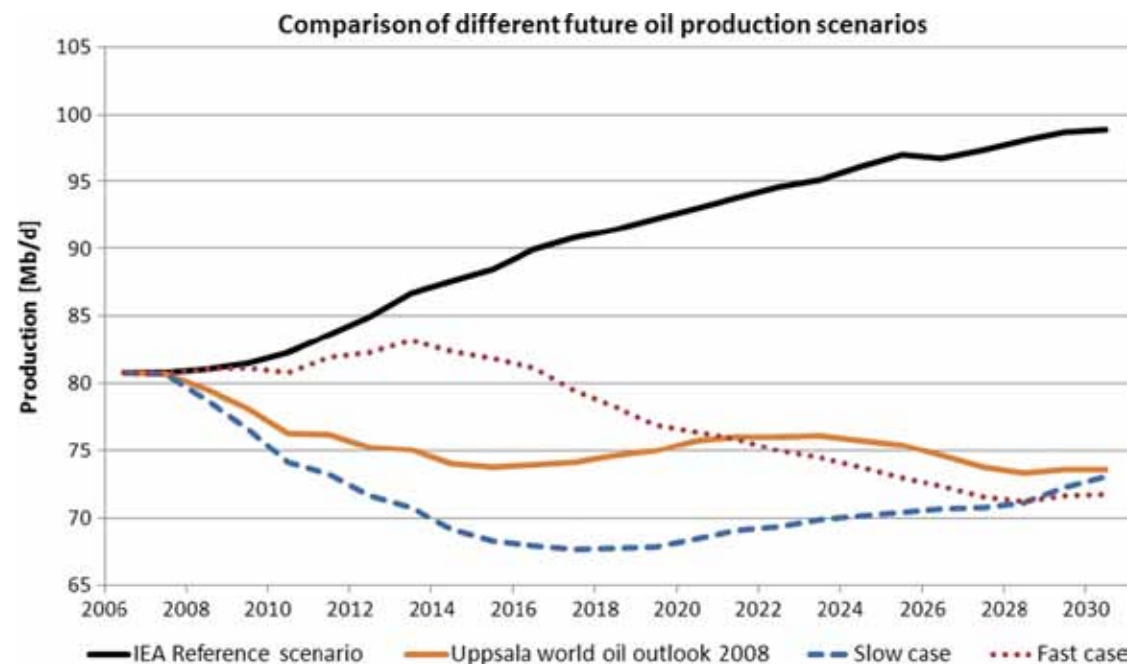
The work was extremely dangerous and most of the skilled men and boys would never have seen their 30th birthday. It was possibly one of the few jobs that the better at it you were the more likely you were to lose your life, as the stones had a tendency to explode with disastrous results. It is from here that the saying ‘nose to the grindstone’ apparently originates from, according to David Huff. The better you were at working the grindstones, the smaller the diameter became and the closer your nose had to get to the wheels. The dust and residue would have hung in the air like microscopic harpies waiting to infest vital organs and cause a slow yet premature demise. It’s amazing that this vocation had any applicants. You can only wonder what drove mothers and fathers to allow their boys into this kind of apprenticeship.

Nowadays, Butcher Works features an eclectic mix of jewellery designers and metal workers that employ the same artistry the grindstone workers most certainly had. The people that occupy the studios carry a pride with them that is obviously rooted in the heritage of the building. A place that was too often a harbinger of death now encourages young people with learning difficulties as part of the Ruskin Mill initiative, a charity that operates on the belief that these people can and do flourish when working on an intensive, purposeful craft.

ENERGY FUTURES.

SUSTAINABILITY IN SHEFFIELD AND BEYOND.

ROBIN LOVELACE.



ENERGY IS THE MASTER RESOURCE. IT GETS YOU UP IN THE MORNING, AS YOUR MUSCLES BURN SUGAR WITH YOUR BLOOD’S OXYGEN. IT GETS YOU TO WORK - NOW YOU’RE BURNING PETROL, OR MORE SUGAR WITH BLOOD OXYGEN IF YOU WALK OR CYCLE.

IT ALLOWS YOU TO READ THIS ARTICLE THANKS TO A LONG SUPPLY CHAIN OF ELECTRICAL POWER FOR COMPUTERS, DYE MANUFACTURE, PAPER PRODUCTION AND WHATEVER ELSE IT TAKES TO GET THESE WORDS FROM MY MIND TO YOURS.

Energy also allows you to look for more energy. Drill a hole in the ground using diesel and you never know, you might find some oil or coal: more energy to power the whole energy process all over again.

Energy is truly magical stuff, but unfortunately it is running out. If you drill a hole in the ground now, it is unlikely that you will ever get back enough energy from whatever you find to justify the initial use of energy. Oil wells are drying up and discoveries of new oil fields are becoming rarer. In fact, a recent paper in the journal Energy Policy concludes that “the world appears to have passed the peak of global oil production”

(Alekklett et al. 2010).

The above graph shows us three things:

Experts who are analysing the very best oil data available conclude that oil production has pretty much peaked and, with decline rates of around 3-7%, we can expect rapid declines in oil production beyond 2030.

Oil will not simply run out in an instant. We’ve got time to plan how to get off the black gold that even oilman George W Bush admits is addictive. We have time to act.

Most surprisingly, the International Energy Agency (IEA), the self-appointed ‘authority’ on energy, denies that oil production will go into decline any time soon.

What are they on? Oil maybe, but that does not justify the ridiculous black line rising into outer space. Alekklett and others have destroyed the cornucopian arguments about “bio-fuels” (“death fuels” if you prefer) and tar sands, both of which require huge energy inputs and produce huge greenhouse gas outputs. IEA employees recently leaked to the Guardian that their agency had been inflating their numbers (Macalister, 2009). So why do the powers that be continue to ignore peak oil, the phenomenon that will shake society to the core and affect all our lives? There are signs that some are finally waking up, but most seem to be firmly asleep. One theory is that obsession with economic growth, the new religion that has replaced Christianity, is the culprit (Greer, 2008).

Our economy is almost totally dependent on cheap oil. Just look around you and try to find a big economic enterprise that doesn’t use oil in some way. So what do we do about it when the people in power are blinded by their religion? It’s hard to be 100% sure what the best way forward is, as the modern world has never before faced the prospect of permanently declining energy supplies, but you can be pretty sure that splashing out on a gas-guzzling motorised metal box is not wise.

Modern economics demands growth, but without plentiful oil, it just ain’t going to get it. One of the first things to do then is abandon the myth of perpetual economic growth, or ‘progress’ as some call it. If you expect your future to be gold-plated, jet-setting, champagne-swigging heaven, you could be in for a rough ride. If you expect to crawl into a hole and starve, be eaten by a horde of peak oil zombies or be throttled by your neighbour over the last tin of baked beans, you may be pleasantly surprised.

The future is low-energy. That’s almost certain, because even if we harvest all the renewable energy resources available to us here in the UK, we only get around 10% of the energy we currently use. Cambridge physicist David MacKay crunched the numbers and has made them available for all to see on withoutohair.com. On page 109 of his free online book, he says “I fear the maximum Britain would ever get from renewables is in the ballpark of 18 kWh/d per person.” We each currently use 125 kWh per day or, if you include the embodied energy of all the crap we import, 200 kWh/d per person.

“Don’t worry, there’s no problem” I hear the techno-optimists and petrol-heads shriek. “Surely scientists can make fusion work?” The logical response to that is why bother, when there’s a perfectly good, infinitely cheaper and amply powerful fusion reactor in the sky – it’s called the Sun. The technical response is that actually no, scientists probably cannot make fusion reactors replace fossil fuels. The technology has always been 50 years away, even 50 years ago. “Chill out man!” a gas-guzzling jet setter cries from over yonder. “What about bio-fuels, dude?” You’re a bio-fool if you believe that it’s possible to replace 70 million barrels of oil a day with seaweed, algae or corn on the cob. You’re deluded if you think it’s a good idea.

So we’ve got a clear basis from which to move forward. We need a low-powered energy system that works in harmony with nature and does not destroy it. We eventually need a totally renewable energy supply. Does this mean energy futures are miserable and heartless? Let’s take a look at evidence of low-energy futures in Sheffield.

When you look around at the low-energy alternatives sprouting up left, right and centre, it turns out they’re not so bad after all. Many of them tackle the very problems that were created by the huge energy surplus of the 20th century: crap fast food, meaningless over-consumerism and traffic jams. The **Transition Towns** movement creates visions of the future with close communities, a sense of place and a newly found meaning to life. Transition Towns are strong in Sheffield, with active groups in Burngreave, Crookes/Walkley, Heeley/Meersbrook, Nether Edge/Sharrow and the Porter Valley. Judging by the buzz around them, these transition groups are looking for more people to help out and get involved - so get stuck in. If there’s not a Transition Town initiative in your area there’s always the possibility of setting one up.

Transport is a massive energy user that is especially vulnerable because it’s almost totally dependent on oil, the most rapidly depleting of the fossil fuels. But here also you see great things happening. Check out **Recycle Bikes**, just off Chesterfield Road. They provide a low-energy transport system that’s healthier, more fun and, if it’s rush hour, probably faster than getting in a motorised metal box. What’s more, by buying from Recycle or other community enterprises, you know you’re helping real people in Sheffield.

Industrialised food systems require large energy inputs across the board from fertilisers, pesticides and tractors to processing plants, delivery systems and supermarkets. It’s another area that is vulnerable, as supplies of food can be affected by strange weather events as well as energy shortages. Again there’s a vibrant movement in Sheffield. **Grow Sheffield** pump out awesome food for a fraction of the energy costs of supermarket stuff, and it’s all organised by real people – not by suited money men.

And when it comes to the production of energy itself, some in Sheffield are already on it. **Sheffield Renewables** is an interesting example because it’s working explicitly for the public interest. It is still small and needs far more investment and expertise if it is to provide even a fraction of Sheffield’s electricity supply, as renewable power is so diffuse. However, it’s vision for the future is one that needs to be taken seriously.

That’s not to say that these initiatives can solve all our energy problems or that everyone should give up their jobs this instant and join this new dig for victory. Just planting some pot plants is a small push in the right direction. What’s clear is that pioneering Sheffielders are creating viable energy futures from the embers of the 20th century. I’m proud to live in a city of such forward-thinking people, and urge others to get involved in the exciting energy transition that will shape the 21st century.

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withoutohair.com

We're announcing something pretty special this month. Word Life has teamed up with Signposts, The Arts Council, Sheffield City Council and Off The Shelf for the...

YOUNG WRITERS FESTIVAL Pick up Your Pens, June 19th.

12- 6pm - Workshops from leading poets and authors for young writers aged 13-24. The Circle, Rockingham Street.

7.30pm – 11pm. Word Life – Young Writers Showcase, Hallam Union. £5

Featuring music from;

The Alpha Manoeuvre – This flexible ensemble fuses together jazz, reggae, funk, soul, dance and latin elements to provide a groovaliscious soundtrack for the dancefloor. The band will be headlining the Bourbon St. Jazz and Blues stage at Glastonbury this year as well as performing at numerous festivals and venues nationwide.

Words from;

Byron Vincent – Byron is a regular at many of the UK's most prestigious music and literary events and has appeared on BBC 3's the Verb alongside Roger MCGough and Ian McMillan and Radio 4's Bespoken Word. He has shared the bill with such luminaries as John Cooper Clarke, John Hegley, Simon Armitage and Patti Smith

Helen Mort – Helen's poems are tender and intriguing, filled with subtle yet memorable images. She writes with an easy maturity and is a welcome new presence. Helen was born in Sheffield and grew up in Derbyshire. She received an Eric Gregory Award in 2007 and won the Manchester Young Writer prize in 2008. Her latest pamphlet 'A Pint For the Ghost' has been selected as Poetry Book Society pamphlet choice for Spring 2010

Jay Bernard – Jay's poetry has appeared in Poetry London, Chroma, The Guardian and The Independent. She has performed on Radio 3 and Radio 4 as well as on The Culture Show. She won the Poetry Society's Respect Londonwide Youth Slam in 2004 and was a Foyle young poet of the year in 2005.

Also featuring; Ben Wilkinson, Sarah Tomascin + much more

Bookings and info: info@signpostssouthyorks.org.uk

We're also holding a writing competition and publishing our first anthology of young writers from South Yorkshire, which will be launched in October as part of Off The Shelf Literature Festival.

For more information on all of our Young Writers Projects check out cubeweb.org.uk/pickupyourpens

And as always, send all submissions of poetry (up to 30 lines) and prose (up to 1,200) words to subs@nowthensheffield.com.

DEMONOLOGY – PART 1

The guy was supposed to call between one and five. Half four, he still hadn't shown. It was irritating. She had taken an afternoon off work she could ill afford.

At half past five, a flaking grey van hurtled around the corner of Wilmslow View and parked haphazardly in Kevin's resident space. The side of the van caught her attention.

FATHER HOWARD REILLY

Exorcist and Demonologist

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Through the front window she saw a stocky man with wild grey hair appear from the cabin. The man lit a cigarette and had somehow smoked it by the time she opened the front door.

'Missus Clarendon?'

'Yes. Father Reilly?'

Smiling, the priest shouldered past her without being asked.

Catching him up, and feeling already that the meeting had slipped out of her control – she never knew how to handle tradesmen – Eve Clarendon heard the man say: 'Well, it's not Father no more, tech-nically, no since that, ah, unfortunate incident w'young Miss Delacourt at the youth club. Seventeen fucking years old, an willing enough, but no, the cunts excommunicate us. Still, I still use the title, and I still got God in m'art, which is all that matters on a job like this, don't you worry, Missus Clarendon.'

He had found the kettle and got it bubbling away. 'How'd you take it, anyway, love?'

'I, ah, just drink peppermint tea?'

The priest fixed her with a quizzical stare. 'Peppermint, eh? Still, different strokes for different folks, and all that shit. This it here?' He took a bag from the green box and dumped it into her MELLOR GOLF LADIES SECTION cup.

Eve hugged the tea to her with both hands and considered the demonologist a little further. He was about forty or fifty and dressed, however legitimately, in a dog collar and black clerical robes. He carried a sleek, heavy bag that made Eve think of nineteenth-century doctors. A scar was gouged from the crowprint of his right eye to the corner of his grin.

'Care to show us the problem, Missus Clarendon?'

The priest had drank a mug of piping hot tea in seconds. 'Sure, it's just upstairs.' Get it over with. Get that van out of our street.

She let Reilly take the stairs first: she couldn't stand the tenebrous sensation of his eyes devouring her arse. 'You got kids?' the priest called down.

'No, we don't,' Eve replied. This was actually something of a sensitive issue. Most people worked around it.

Reilly did not. 'Well, consider y'self lucky, cause that's what causes ninety per cent of the problems in my job, kids fucking around. You'll get some teenage lad, doesn't get out enough, emos or moshers or whatever you call em these days, sat in their rooms drawing a fucking pentangle, tryna call up a demon. I went out to one lad actually called up a fucking succubus. Literally shagged his brains out, I regret to say. Time I got there there's nothing left but blood and ash. Still, not such a bad way to go.'

His grimy workboots tramped on her fresh staircarpet: she was enveloped in his murky but not entirely unpleasant bodyheat.

'Only thing worse'n kids is students.' They had reached the upstairs landing; she could already feel the wind. 'I been up to the halls a residence in Fallowfield more times than I can count, cause some fucking students have been messing around with a fucking ouija board drawn in permanent marker on fucking A4, and now the place is crawling with literally god knows what. Human stupidity, Missus Clarendon, there ain't no end to it. There's this world, see, and there's stuff that lives beyond, and punch a hole in the wrong place and next thing you know the sun's turned pink and you're worshipping some giant two-headed goat called Cluthu or Narlahotep or something like that. Ridic. Why, I recall one time over in Denton –'

This could go on forever. 'Father, would you like to take a look at the room?'

'Of course, sorry, sorry, Missus Clarendon. I'll go on all day, la. Let's see it.'

What she and Kevin called the disturbance was located in the guest room. No guests had been allowed in for the last three weeks, and even those who'd stayed there beforehand had left rather abruptly the next morning.

'We didn't hear from the Bennetts for weeks. We missed Cheryl's engagement party. And Kevin began to poke around and... well.'

The guest room was furnished with a sofa bed, a table and Ikea bookshelves heaving with Archer and Patterson. Three of the walls had been decorated with tasteful aquamarine wallpaper, and hung with country watercolours painted by people Kevin referred to as Deserving Local Artists. But the first thing Reilly would notice was the wind, its searing currents almost cutting your face, that unstoppable pressure towards the disturbance that had you flailing for handholds.

Max Dunbar.

maxdunbar.wordpress.com.

To be continued next month...

Writing rubbish on the internet amuses me a lot. There is often a limit of 1000 characters per post so every story (including punctuation, spaces, introduction, proposal, argument and punch line) has to be within a small paragraph. Sometimes I just write nonsense and other times I write something rather insensitive to evoke angry responses.

When I was just fourteen, I was given the task of drowning kittens by my girlfriend's mother. I filled a large laundry sink with room temperature water and held the eight kittens under. As each kitten died and sank to the bottom, it turned and rested 'snuggled' to the previous. I put them in a garbage bag and was carrying it out when the bag moved and I heard a meow. I opened the bag and found one kitten had survived. So I drowned it again.

And that is an exact one thousand.

SHARKS.

My offspring wanted "scuba gear" for his birthday. That's all he wanted. I am not letting him swim off by himself to be taken for a baby seal by a great white and I will be fucked if I am going in there with him to be taken for an old skinny seal by a great white. When I explained to him that scuba gear is only for the sea and he, being such a small human, would be taken for a baby seal by a great white, he stated that he would see them coming because of the mask and added 'speargun' and 'knife' to his birthday list.

RIDDICK.

While watching the movie Chronicles of Riddick together last night, my offspring stated that he wished Riddick was his dad. When I asked why, he replied that Riddick is good looking, has muscles and is a good fighter. I told him that I wished Matthew (his arch-enemy at school) was my son because he is better at maths and has cool hair.

ANHUS STREET.

A street I drive past every day is called Anhus Street and is very distracting. Every few weeks, someone (I am assuming a kid) spraypaints out the 'h' and then, a few days later, someone (I am assuming an elderly street resident) paints the 'h' back in. If I was boss of the world I would change that street name legally to Anus Street to annoy both of them.

DREAMS.

I hate it when people tell me "I had a weird dream last night...". I don't care. It didn't really happen and it is going to be boring. Just because you dreamt it doesn't make it interesting to anyone. I knew someone who told me a dream and it went on for about twenty minutes. That is nineteen minutes and sixty seconds longer than I have to care about something that didn't really happen. Another time she was telling me about a dream her auntie had, so not only was I listening to something that didn't really happen, I was listening to something that didn't really happen to someone I didn't even know. I glass over and my mind wanders after the words "I had a weird dream last night..." so it is just a waste of everyone's time. The statement she made - "If you cared about me you would be interested in my dreams" - I will put down to the fact that she was an idiot and possibly slightly crazy because she owned more than two cats.

EBAY.

I bought a real dinosaur's tooth fossil recently, with invoice and note of authenticity, as it is something I have always wanted. There is a quarry a short drive away that my 9 year old son and I go to and explore sometimes. When we went there last, I suggested we dig for fossils and miraculously 'found' the dinosaur tooth thinking it would be a big deal to him, but he stated "No, it's just a rock". When I swore I was positive that it is was a "Saurischian tooth from the Mesozoic era", he replied that I had "made that up" and for me to "throw it away". I cannot prove to him that it is a real dinosaur tooth without divulging the invoice and he is never seeing that as I would have to explain why I didn't buy a Playstation 3 instead of a 70 million year old fossil. Occasionally he picks it up and gives me a disdainful look. I also bought some NASA mission badges a while back off ebay. He asked me if they had been in space and I had to admit that they hadn't and he stated "Well that's just weak then".

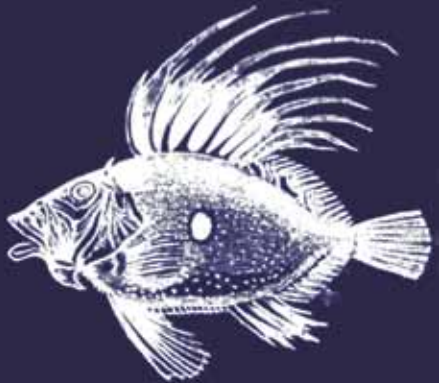
SPIDERMAN 3.

I can get by the escaped convict falling into an open air particle accelerator (we have one in the vacant lot next door and I am always telling my son to stop playing near it), I can even get by the space slime landing coincidently metres from Peter Parker and jumping on his bike...What I can't get past is Mary Jane. What a fucking bitch. In the first movie she is letting the school bully do her, then she lets the rich guy, then Peter has a turn. In the second movie she goes through about eighteen different guys before abandoning her big expensive wedding after realising Peter is Spiderman. In the third film I think she does about sixty guys and whinges a lot about Peter saving lives instead of coming to the theatre to watch her crap acting. Why does he put up with her? It makes no sense and is the one glaring discrepancy in an otherwise completely scientifically believable movie.



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2pm - 5pm
'No Culture Icons'
*Art and Illustration Exhibition
launch plus Artist Networking*

5pm - 9pm
Vox
*A taster of Sheffield's music and
artistic scene*
Free entry

Tuesday 1st June

9pm - 11pm
Crazy Crow
Live Irish music sessions in the bar
Free entry

Wednesday 2nd June

7.30pm - 9pm
Spoken Word Night
Poetry prose and readings
£2.00 entry

Thursday 3rd June

7.45pm - 9pm
Two pieces of theatre
*'All about the Full Stops'
'High Speed Impact. Test number one'*
£5.00 entry

9pm - late
Mojo Rising
Playing the very best of deep soul
Free entry

Friday 4th June

8.30pm onwards
*New York meets Sheffield for a
night of live music*
Free entry

Saturday 5th June

7pm onwards
Latrino Gals Series 2
*A photography exhibition
by Jacqui Bellamy*
Free entry

Sunday 6th June

7pm onwards
Cabaret Sunday
*A surreal night of cabaret
(details to be confirmed).*

Monday 7th June

7.30pm
Film Night
*A screening of various shorts from
regional filmmakers.*
£2 entry

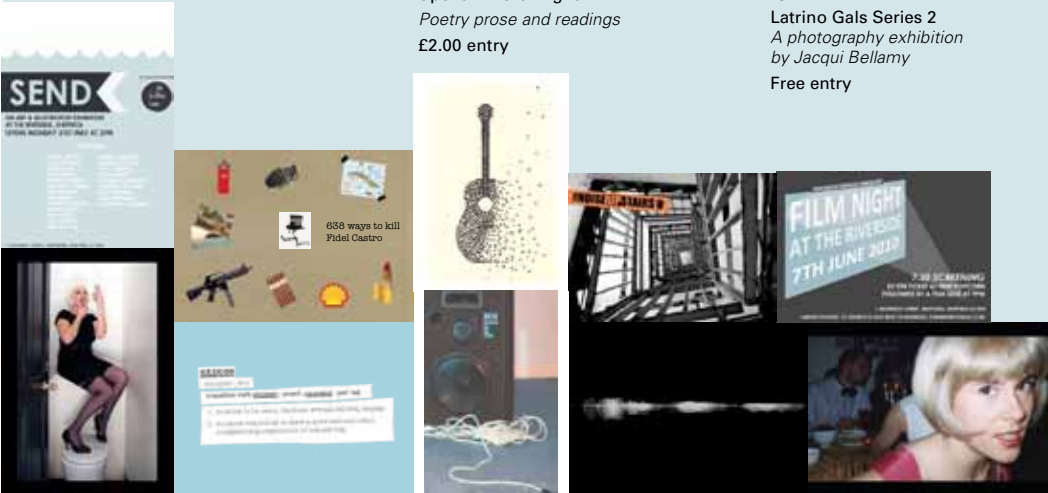
9pm - 11pm
Film themed pub quiz

Tuesday 8th June

8pm - 8.45pm
*Nodding Dog Theatre presents a
preview of;*
638 Ways to kill Fidel Castro
Free entry

Wednesday 9th June

8.30pm onwards
The Noise Upstairs
*An avant-garde free-improv jam
night...www.thenoiseupstairs.com*
Free entry



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'CONCEPTION'



RANDY ORTIZ.

ARCHITECT OF GORE.

INTERVIEW BY MATT JONES.

This strange world is filled with offices. In those offices, there is always a wierdo doodling strange beasts when he's meant to be working.

I know this as this used to be me, before I grew up and decided I could make a living away from the Man. Still working on that one...

Randy Ortiz is another. True technical ability, clearly a designer done good like all of my favourite submissions so far, taking the skills of the trade into something that may well save his soul in years to come.

Lovely styles from someone you probably won't have heard of - but there's something severely wrong if you don't hear more in the future.

BASICS, PLEASE - WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

I started drawing at around six or seven years old, copying crap from magazines. One of the first things I copied was a picture of Mike Tyson being knocked out by Buster Douglas. After I was introduced to Detective Comics by my next door neighbour, I started drawing regularly. I still sometimes find old drawings of superheroes at my parents. They are awful. Mostly because I tried copying Rob Liefeld's horrible style of artwork.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

This depends on the piece. If I'm drawing something specific for a client, I usually research images and try to understand how their shape works. I can easily screw this up if I'm very unfamiliar with the subject. But more often than not, I hit my mark and the outcome is very rewarding. If I'm doing something for fun, I usually just start off with a few random lines, connect the archaic image together with more random lines, then I stand back and stare at it for a while and try to figure out what it looks like. I then superimpose the image that is stored in my brain with my laser vision onto the papyrus, careful not to ignite my soon to be tome of graphite delight, and trace over it.

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION FROM?

My insatiable omnivorous appetite for arthropods, plants and ripe fruits.

TOOLS. WHAT DO YOU USE REGULARLY AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE?

I use mechanical BIC pencils with refillable lead. They're pretty technical and elite, so it's okay if you've never heard of them. For inking I use Pigma Microns and sometimes Pigma Brush. I've been really into drawing everything on tracing paper, which makes it a lot easier to add layers to an illustration, not to mention it's a lot cheaper than getting a light table. As for coloring, all of it is done in Photoshop with an old ass Wacom Tablet that I bought a million years ago.

WHAT OTHER ARTISTIC MEDIA HAVE HAD AN EFFECT ON YOUR ART?

I don't use any other media because I'm not awesome enough, I guess. Plus I don't have the patience to learn anything new. I really wish I could learn sculpture or 3D modelling but my life is too busy to even think about making time for it.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?

During the day I work in an architectural firm as an Architectural Technologist. There are some aspects of this job that bring out the artsy side of me such as building renderings, so that's pretty cool. I also make millions of dollars doing this, but whatever, no big deal.

OUT OF YOUR RECENT WORK, WHICH PIECE HAVE YOU ENJOYED MAKING THE MOST?

The ones that didn't take forever to do, with the least amount of revisions.

HOW HAS YOUR ART EVOLVED OVER TIME?

I love putting up my newer illustrations next to the old stuff I drew in my salad years and it never fails to make me laugh. I mean that in a good way, as the evolution is quite drastic from piece to piece. It's mostly the detail I try to put into my art that evolves the most, as well as learning more about proper anatomy of humans and various animals. I definitely have a lot more to learn, which makes me really excited to see what I will be drawing ten years from now.

HOW HAS ART IN GENERAL CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED?

I notice a lot of less worked, simple art sells a lot more with people these days. While the images are aesthetically pleasing on a simple level, I find they don't challenge anyone. I like looking at a piece of art that has me constantly looking over it and trying to figure out how it was made and what the process was when the artist was creating said piece. I never get that when looking at the simple shit. I see it, nod and move on. Very boring.

WHAT ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON?

I usually do a lot of artwork for my friends in the band KEN mode and have recently created a bunch of merchandise for their North American tour (a lot of it is in this issue!). I also just finished an illustration for Sleeping in Gethsemane's upcoming European vinyl release of Burrows on True Love Entertainment (see centerfold illustration). One thing I'm looking forward to is an illustration in the works for a Canada Day art exhibit for Canteen Art Shop and Gallery in Ontario. And the usual odds and ends for simple show posters and shirt designs. I'm also working on losing my gut by eating less and walking, but I have recently put that on indefinite hiatus.

ANY TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE MAKING MONEY FROM YOUR ART? DO YOU FIND IT IMPORTANT?

This is always a very difficult subject to figure out and to be honest I have yet to find solid ground with it. Even after reading all the Designer's Market books and the how-to's online, it still seems very challenging to make a living just doing your art. I think it takes a certain person to have to wake up every morning and become a one man show and take over not just the artwork, but the advertising, the networking, the accounting, the negotiating, etc. I'm a very lazy person so all of that doesn't appeal to me, but I am definitely lucky to have work just come to me. I find it easier to work with people who seek you out and not the other way around. However, even if I wasn't making any money, I would still be drawing everyday due to the simple fact that I absolutely love it. I already have a full time job, so the art money is just a nice little treat.

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE IN ART?

As I said earlier, the simple crap. Popular hipster nonsense that is so repetitious and predictable. That and vector art, which coincidentally goes hand in hand with the hipster rubbish.

WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE IN ART?

That moment I stumble upon the most inspiring piece and it ends up fuelling the endless pursuit of perfecting my craft.

GOOD ADVICE YOU WISH YOU'D BEEN TOLD EARLIER?

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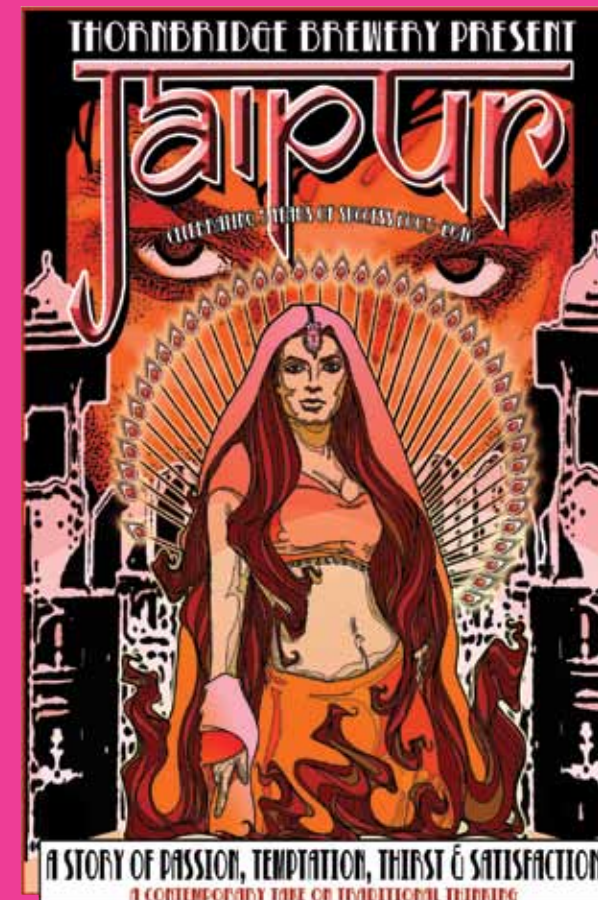
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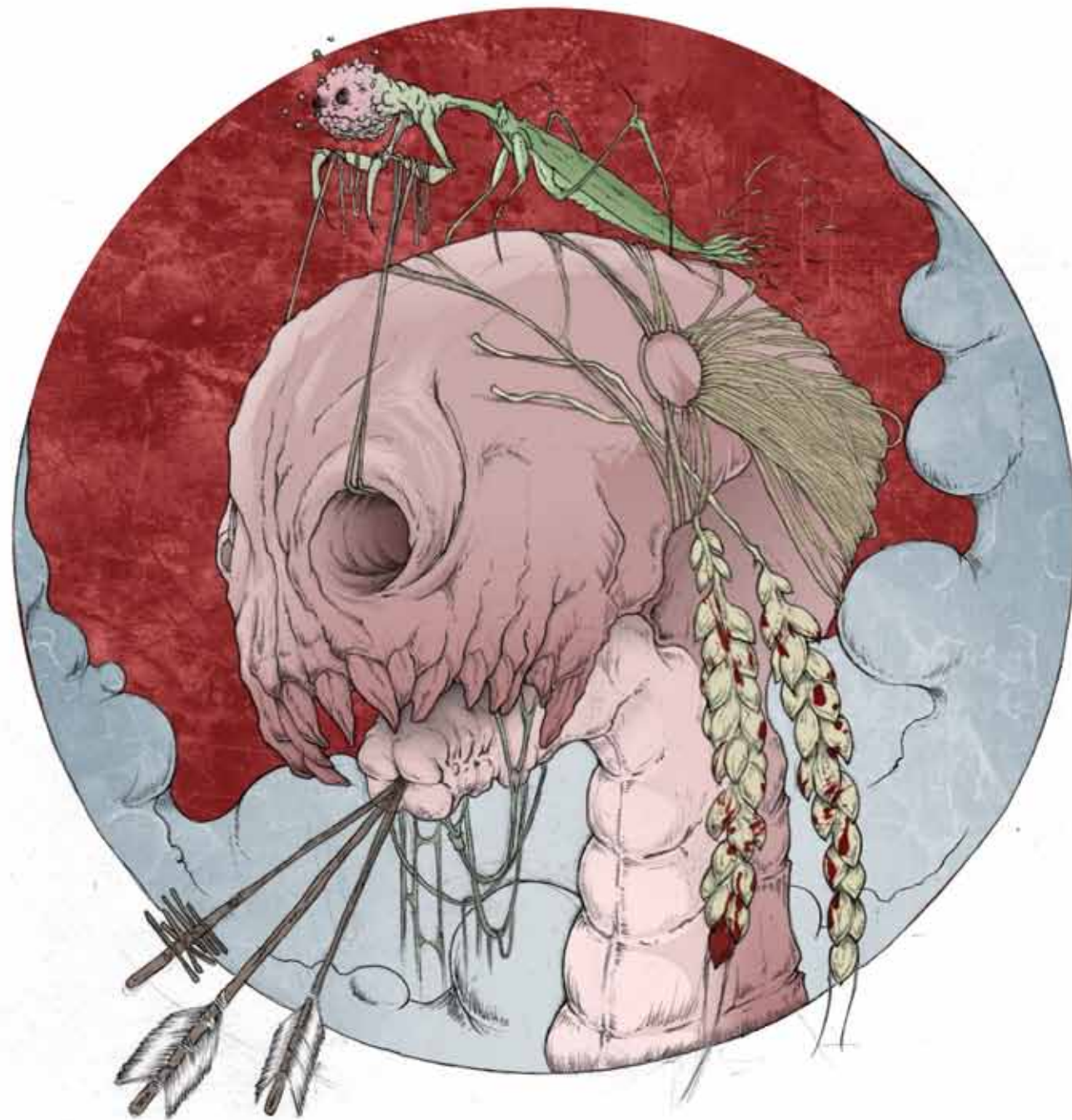
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Each year Peace in the Park raises money for two charities: a local one and an international one – this year it's **Sheffield Hospitals Charitable Trust** and **Oсотua Women's Group**.

Sheffield Hospitals Charitable Trust is one of more than 400 registered charities in the UK associated with NHS Trusts. Together these charities contribute £400 million each year to patient care. Their aim is not to fund patient care, but to enhance and improve it – providing grants to projects that are over and above those served by government funding.

As a local charity with such a wide remit, Sheffield Hospitals Charitable Trust could at some point have a major impact on the life of anyone living in Sheffield, or in many cases, South Yorkshire and beyond.

Oсотua Women's Group is an international charity set up to help Masai women in Kenya. They have helped install water tanks in remote villages that have been hit by serious droughts and given support to the local women. Currently there is a project to build a nursery school for children in an area where it can take two and a half hours for them to reach the nearest school. The local adults will also be able to learn to read and write there. To build the school will cost around £5,000.

The Masai are African tribespeople that are well-known for their brightly coloured and intricate bead work. They traditionally live in remote areas and have little access to education.

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TOTEM ROOTS.

14TH MAY.
UPSTAIRS @ DQ.

REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.

Totem Roots is the latest in an endless series of nights put on Upstairs at DQ on Fridays, but aside from sharing time and place it's like nothing I've seen there before. Whilst often enjoying nights at the venue in the past, it's always been easy for a scruffbag like me to feel a little uncool when surrounded by the usual crowd of fashionistas drinking cocktails. Yet Totem Roots brought the friendly and carefree atmosphere that aficionados of King Mojo Sheffield Presents know well, allowing us to settle in to enjoy a gutsy Friday night programme of live bands and drummers.

Quite literally kicking things off were Mulembas D'Africa, an African drumming and dancing troupe. Beginnings were a little tentative, with both drummers and dancers seeming a little rigid in front of the small early crowd, but as the night filled up and the rhythms progressed they loosened up and began to groove along nicely. What drummers and dancers may have lacked in tightness was more than made up for by enthusiasm and the fact that they were obviously enjoying themselves, and it wasn't just the dance troupe stomping around by the end of the show.

Following on were much loved Sheffield jazz-funksters the Lazy Tree Surgeons. The band have been in the studio recently and a new level of crispness seemed to come through from this on certain songs. Starting at the jazzier end of their repertoire, it took a while for them to warm up during some (overly?) complex instrumental sections, but after a couple of songs things got a little more funky and the bawdy showmanship and tight hooks that have become an LTS trademark shone through. By the end, people were bouncing off the walls and the band couldn't leave without a brief encore which, needless to say, smashed it.

Next up was another drumming performance. Samsou, described on the flyer as a djembe master, didn't fail to impress. Accompanied by percussionists who themselves seemed masterful, the man progressed hypnotically from simple rhythmic phrases into complex polyrhythmic improvisations with such a strong ear for rhythm he seemed to speed up and slow down time itself with his playful attitude towards timekeeping. To captivate a nightclub crowd in the early hours with this kind of music is no mean feat, but Samsou succeeded with ease.

Headlining were the soapy-slick Ariya Astrobeat Arkestra from Leeds, a band so tight you could beat them like a drum. Scorching through a repertoire of afrobeat, funk, jazzy disco and pretty much anything else you can dance around to, this instrumental outfit exemplified all the good aspects of virtuoso musicianship without compromising the integrity of the actual tunes, a balance often misjudged by similar groups. The perfect act to cap a night that demonstrated there's a lot to be gained from breaking the mould of the Friday night standard. Hats off to King Mojo - see you next month!

JAHTARI / SOLO BANTON.

21ST MAY.
YELLOW ARCH STUDIOS.

REVIEWER - SAM WALBY.

Yellow Arch Studios is the perfect space for a night like this. Though it has more rooms to offer for larger scale events like Mixed in Sheffield and the Frozac Psychedelic Special back in February, the two-room configuration is just as effective at bringing in crowds and getting people dancing. It has a free party vibe while also offering a nice homely environment, a rare achievement for a venue that is off the beaten trail.

First up in the main room were the Sequoia selectors, spinning classic reggae, dancehall and other deep delights. The place soon filled up half an hour after opening and the volume crept up, enticing in the corridor loiterers. The Sequoia Soundsystem was out in force, coaxing out the low end effortlessly and proving its obvious favouritism for all things dubby.

Downstairs, Swank and Jams of the Forum's Bamboo night again broke the mould with their signature blend of offbeat world rhythms. Skipping through a variety of Latin flavours including boogaloo, as ever the brotherly team are a tight DJing entity and get the crowd going in a suitably raucous fashion.

The main act saw Jahtari team up with Solo Banton, who has been touring lately with the likes of Mungo's Hifi and Maffi, as well as releasing tracks on Urban Sedated Records. His lyrical style is quickfire but laid back, achieving a happy medium that places an importance on audience interaction and toasting without losing flow and rhythm. He is also approachable and comic in his delivery of some lyrics, a characteristic that many reggae MCs just don't have.

Jahtari spin what they call 'digital laptop reggae', essentially a commitment to bringing classic reggae and dub sounds into the 21st century. Their tunes regularly touch on deep bouncy rhythms through the use of video game synths and blips, throwing in Mario-style skanks and basses overlaid with old 8 and 16-bit sounds. After a few technical hitches, a highlight turns out to be the Jahtari and Solo Banton collaboration 'Music Addict', while a few rhymes from the Jahtari MC also go down a treat.

The hot, sweaty masses tacitly agree this was a strong night. More rooms next time please...

JAPANDROIDS / YUCK.

17TH MAY.
THE HARLEY.

REVIEWER - ED WOOLLEY.

I'm a little late to this gig after waxing lyrical about Solomon Burke leads me to miss my bus stop, proving me to be less smooth than the aforementioned artist. However, after a purposeful stride across town, I submerge into the backlit inclines of the Harley, and sipping on gin, catch the last half of Yuck's set.

The first few songs I capture follow a psychedelic pop template, the soft-sung vocals laced over fuzzy guitars pointing to My Bloody Valentine as a touchstone. Their demeanour definitely recalls the shoegaze bands of the 80s and there's a statuesque pouty poise to it all, like wax-work figures displaying occasional animation to emphasise an affectation. The early songs are well crafted and nice enough, but they draw my interest far more when they expose their dark throbbing underbelly. Towards the end of their set they let loose a more visceral, distorted sound that builds to their finale. A band that would no doubt intrigue further with repeated listens.

Garage rock duo Japandroids take their headlining spot with great gusto. Striding on stage they effuse energy, their livewire guitarist like a spinning-top stabbing at his instrument. The wall of noise they create with just two of them is notable and they seem very much in love with noisy music - their pummelling riffing an ode to punk, post-hardcore and stoner rock.

But their music is far more than a melange of the past. Their song construction is adept, knowing when to power through heavy hooks like on 'Darkness on the Edge of Gastown' but at the same time introducing cascading drum breakdowns and sharp guitar refrains at interesting times. They use space and syncopation to hold interest throughout their set, mixing guitars washed out with grungy chorus effects with tight, angular riffing.

The crowd seem pensive and studious, but genuinely appreciative with roars of approval between songs. But seeing the one individual rocking and writhing to the side of me leads me to think that I've missed the point. This isn't music to stand back, analyse and admire. Like all good rock and roll, once you find yourself in the groove you just let it take you along for the ride.

EIGHTIES MATCHBOX B-LINE DISASTER.

22ND MAY.
CORPORATION.

REVIEWER - BRENDAN MCFADDEN.

Eighties Matchbox B-line Disaster hit Corporation with a thud with their intense brand of terrorising snarling blues-punk-metal that didn't fail to impress the crowd. After somewhat of a hiatus the Brighton rockers have crashed back on the scene, with their trip to Sheffield being the latest leg of the tour to promote their new album Blood and Fire. Many could be forgiven for thinking they have been and gone after no releases for six years - their nearest replacements on the scene of late being the Horrors, who have surely only been keeping their seat warm.

Back they are and they surely haven't lost their appeal, emerging from the darkness to give the crowd a real treat. Back to their best by means of thrashing guitars, brain-piercing vocals and disjointed beats they spewed their toxic wrath on their unsuspecting South Yorkshire fans with glee. It was as if they had never been away. Old favourites such as 'Mister Mental', 'Celebrate Your Mother' and 'Chicken' were paraded for the crowd with swagger and ferocity in a solid, tight hour-long set. There was also a decent showcase of the new album, another generous helping of absorbing angry metal which demonstrates their fire hasn't been extinguished just yet. New tracks such as the upcoming single 'Love Turns to Hate' and 'Mission From God' displayed their usual authoritative and angry vibe and are true rock anthems that received a warm response from the crowd of sweaty metalheads. Front man Guy McKnight was devilishly mesmerising, sinisterly staring into the crowd, pulling manic facial expressions and oozing his usual eccentric persona. He seemed quite unsure whether he was a band member or a fan.

The boys are making a very valid claim for a place back at the top of the Brit rock scene if this performance is anything to go by. It's a shame there was only a minute crowd in attendance in Corp's small room, but on the flipside this only added to the intimacy that you wouldn't find in a bigger setting. You would struggle to find many bands with so much power and passion and this was surely one of the most enjoyable gigs I've been to of late. EMBLD are back with a vengeance, and I for one am grateful.

SOUND.

PATTON IS GOD. ROBERT HOOD.

ROLO TOMASSI. RICHARD HAWLEY.

MIKE PATTON. MONDO CANE.



IPECAC.
REVIEWER – IMOGEN DECORDOVA.

The Mondo exploitation documentary made famous in the 60s and 70s features often fabricated tales covering controversial subject matter including sex, death and the depiction of obscure foreign cultural practices. Think the basic ‘plot’ in video nasty Cannibal Holocaust and you have yourself a good old fashioned shockumentary.

Mike Patton is the magpie and metaphorical coloniser behind **Mondo Cane**, taking a foreign convention and exploiting it to his own ends. Admittedly, that is a bit of a farfetched analogy.

The project has been a long time in the making but for some reason or another has only just seen the light of day. A collection of 50s and 60s Italian pop songs performed live with an orchestra of 65, Mondo Cane is his take on a golden age of European pop, where massive orchestras and big bands cosied up with contemporary pop starlets. These days that generally only happens when the aforementioned pop starlets make an attempt to heal the world with charity singles and want to seem profound. It can come across as a little bit ambitious and also just a wee bit smug. And let’s face it, with greased back hair and a skinny moustache like that, Mike Patton is the visual representation of smug.

He’s just such a loose cannon. The result is suitably retro, paying homage to the original versions with the addition of Patton’s chameleonic vocals, touching on a small percentage of the range of styles he’s capable of and abruptly shifting from serenading croon to perverted villain (both styles being interchangeable). A highlight is the cover of legendary spaghetti western film composer Ennio Morricone’s ‘Deep Down’, originally featured in the soundtrack to Italian film Danger: Diabolik.

It might seem like another weird side project and there are moments when you detect a few of his other bands in the mix, notable comparisons being **The Director’s Cut** by Fantômas and Tomahawk’s **Desastre Natural**. Patton explicitly stated he wanted to avoid the Italian American swing style and felt no impulse to reproduce ‘That’s Amore’. It’s safe to say he remains true to his aim and for Patton fans the result is bellissimo (that means good).

ROBERT HOOD. OMEGA.



M-PLANT.
REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.

Robert Hood, a man who has been at the forefront of politically motivated techno for the past twenty years, releases his ambitious concept album **Omega** this month. It is the latest in a growing body of releases over the past few years which have bucked the genre’s minimalist and self-contained ethos in favour of providing an interpretation of a cinematic narrative, most notably Agoria’s **Go Faster** soundtrack. However, whilst the projects of Agoria mix serious themes with elements of Gallic whimsy, both Hood and his music retain the deathly sincerity and sense of higher purpose that began with the radical Underground Resistance.

The film that inspired the album is Boris Sagal’s Omega Man, in which Charlton Heston plays the only survivor of a biological war between Russia and China in a world inhabited by mutants intent on destroying every relic of technological society. Hood views the film as a metaphor for the self destructiveness of western consumer culture and implicit within this seems to be a criticism of the hedonism that foregrounds much of techno culture and music. This isn’t an LP full of the soulless funk and dancefloor friendly grooves that have pervaded (invaded?) the genre recently. Instead we have a record of minimal at its hypnotic best - complex and progressive arrangements of a small set of sounds that are as interesting in the living room as the nightclub and invite contemplative listening.

The album opens with two shorter tracks. ‘Alpha (The Beginning)’ features a female voice distanced from itself by delay backed by rattling hi-hats which instill the sense of mechanism throughout the album. We are then treated to ‘The Plague’, a delicate ambient arrangement which draws more from dub techno than most of the record, with a series of repeating motifs bouncing around a cavernous space in the track, becoming gradually more mechanical in timbre.

From this point onwards things become closer to what we expect from Hood, but are no less ambitious in their scope. ‘Towns That Disappeared Completely’ uses a monotonous acid synth riff for almost 8 minutes, building atmosphere behind with slowly evolving percussion and heaving layers of static. ‘Think Fast’ shyly teases melodic warmth in between mechanical beats formed from whirring glitches, juxtaposing the human with the technological in a way that suggests a harmony as well as differences between the two. In fact the whole record features a similar melding of predominantly harsh and industrial elements into surprisingly human grooves, and the last track ‘Omega’ is far from being apocalyptic as one might expect. Creeping out of the brooding repetitions which form the track is a dark euphoria that builds gradually to feverish intensity.

It seems almost as if Hood’s record is his response to the warnings he perceived in Omega Man more than a soundtrack; a musical statement against the consumer culture which he sees as degrading, geared towards enlightenment as much as pleasure. Whether you enjoy it will depend as much on your attitude towards modes of listening as on the record itself.

ROLO TOMASSI. COSMOLOGY.



HASSLE RECORDS.
REVIEWER - ALEX TURNER.

Sheffield’s prog/math/hardcore punishers Rolo Tomassi have been surfing a swollen hype-wave for several years now. Their self-titled 2006 EP and the **Hysterics** long-player from two years later attracted plaudits aplenty, as well as unlikely support slots with the likes of Jane’s Addiction. Marked out by their ability to spin on a dime from hyper-fast technical metal riffing into languorous electronic interludes (and by singer Eva Spence’s uncanny talent for switching her vocals accordingly), things have recently gone nuclear for the group with the involvement of uber-producer Wesley “Diplo” Pentz. Following on from a namecheck in a Pitchfork interview, the possibility of blagging a remix from the Major Lazer man snowballed into him producing **Cosmology**, a departure for an individual better known for his globe-plundering remixes than for his punk tendencies. However, a quick listen to some of Diplo’s more far-out mixtapes reveals that there are few musical pies into which he’s not prepared to stick his fingers, and here the marriage yields fine results.

Cosmology’s superficial similarity to its precedessors will offer comfort to any fans sweating on appearances from such Diplo calling cards as dancehall MCs, favela beats or 80s pop samples. Rolo Tomassi’s base elements - beguiling synth warbles, crunching guitar work and Eva’s abrasive growl - are present and correct from the outset, though it soon becomes apparent that the band has evolved into a leaner and more efficient beast. The brutal opening three-track salvo is dispatched in less than four minutes, while the real benefit of having a dance producer on board is apparent in the newly crisp and muscular sound.

Luckily though, Cosmology isn’t simply a case of “more of the same, but slightly better”. The appropriately titled ‘Party Wounds’ finds the familiar sonic assault squirming on top of a taut, almost disco-punk rhythm. Meanwhile the LP’s far longer second half refuses to drag as it might. Instead it finds the band stretching out through a series of more expansive tracks, maintaining tension through confident use of light and shade that makes some of their earlier efforts sound almost slapdash by comparison. ‘Tongue-in-Chic’ is particularly effective, moving by degrees from gleeful shrieks of “you are null and void” into an epic midsection and delicate outro. And the closing title-track lays off the aggression, deploying an almost Beach House-esque level of surfy melancholy before being carried towards the finish line by pulsing basslines.

While this is the most overtly tuneful part of Cosmology, further listens reveal both how much melody is employed throughout the album, and how little time and space is wasted over its 35-minute duration. Their audience may remain limited by their uncompromising style, but there’s no doubt that Rolo Tomassi are a group at the top of their game.

RICHARD HAWLEY. FALSE LIGHTS FROM THE LAND.



MUTE
REVIEWER - LAMBERTUS PRENT.

False Lights From The Land is a collection of four tracks loosely based around the theme of the ocean, following on from Hawley’s recent BBC Radio 2 series The Ocean, in which he discussed the significance of the sea and its effect on British music and culture.

The title is taken from a lyric from ‘Remorse Code’, a track from last year’s Truelove’s Gutter and the EP’s opener. Spanning almost ten minutes, it is a rambling slowburner that uses a wrecked ship as an extended metaphor. “Those white lines / Made your eyes wide.” No prizes for guessing what that one’s about then...

‘Shallow Brown’ is perhaps the most un-Hawley offering here - an a cappella performance of a West Indian shanty. Reinterpreted and embellished with the help of folk duo the Smoke Fairies, it returns to a familiar refrain as it tells the tale of a man leaving his love for the uncertain sea. The vocal harmonies deployed give this song a distinctly gospel feel. At three minutes it’s over before you know it and you are skipping back to get another dose.

‘The Ellan Vannin Tragedy’ is a proper English folk song, originally penned by 60s folk group the Spinners. Lyrically, it is about a particularly brutal ship wreck off the coast of Liverpool in 1909 that killed 36 people on their way from the Isle of Man. A fairly standard folk theme, then, but what is interesting about this is Hawley’s take on the melody. Though he sticks quite strictly to the original, the cadence of the lyric itself brings out the warm, saccharine quality of his voice in a different way to most of his own pieces. Instead of occupying the hazy, lilting territories of his last two albums, this one has a despairing, sinister tone. I like it.

‘There’s A Storm A Comin’’ sounds a bit like a recent b-side, using the standard Hawley template of a care-free melodic vocal delivery and broken hearted crooning. Not the most exciting track here – perhaps even the least exciting – but no doubt it will prove popular with fanatics, of which there are very many.

The most interesting points of False Lights From The Land see Hawley stretching himself, playing outside his comfort zone and doing something a bit different. This will always be the case with covers, but he should take inspiration from this excursion and inject a new vigor into his own compositions.

Besides, none of these nautical tales is a patch on ‘The Ocean’ from **Coles Corner**.





Pivot are a futuristic synthrock beast. Correction – were. They now go under the name PVT after a cease and desist order from an American band of the same name. Spoil sports.

After getting a great deal of deserved attention for **O Soundtrack My Heart**, their first release as a three-piece on Warp Records in 2008, the band set about deconstructing their trademark instrumental sound of whirling synths, tweaked out guitar and superhuman drumming. The core elements remain – as does the heavy head nodding to synth demigods Brian Eno and Jean Michel Jarre – but the reshuffle led to the introduction of vocals. The product is **Church With No Magic**, which will be hitting shelves (digital and material) this summer.

I spoke to electronics man Dave Miller about the writing of the new LP and, of course, Brian Eno.

What was the writing and recording of Church With No Magic like?

The writing process varied from song to song, depending on how it started. When we first started writing it we just booked some time in a studio and jammed on loops and ideas and came out with three hours of material that we later edited into listenable ideas and pieces and went from there. Other sessions we had rough ideas for songs that we worked on in rehearsing, I guess like a ‘normal’ band would do it. Other songs Laurence and I worked on rhythm ideas and basslines and sent them to Richard to work on independently. Thinking about it now, each song came about in a vastly different way, which I quite like. The outcome of this has ended up being songs that vary greatly in structure and make-up, but still sound like a single unit.

How did it compare to the process of making O Soundtrack My Heart?

O Soundtrack was made entirely in different hemispheres, but we made this one almost entirely in the same room. It also came about after playing loads of shows together as a 3 piece, which we hadn’t done at all when we wrote O Soundtrack. Those two things played the biggest part in the sound of this record. We tried to capture as much energy as possible from our shows in the recording. It’s a bit of a cliché, but I think we managed to pull it off reasonably well.

Can you give us any more juicy details? Who produced? How does it compare to your other LPs?

We produced it ourselves. We’ve never worked with an external producer, possibly because we’re all control freaks, but mainly because of our odd writing methods. That might change in the future, but we’ll see. We recorded it mostly in Sydney, and did a small session at a friend’s studio in London, who has one of the biggest analogue synth collections in Europe. That was pretty exciting - playing with 70s modular synths and the huge CS80.

What made you decide to introduce vocals on the new material?

In the initial jam sessions I was talking about, Richard had a vocal mic setup, and as it turned out, a lot of the melodies that came out were vocal ones. After that we thought doing a vocal record would be the challenge we needed - we could have busted out another O Soundtrack in 6 months, but we wanted to challenge ourselves. Also, having played so many shows over the past two years, we realised we were getting lumped/billed with ‘post rock’ or ‘math rock’ bands, pretty much none of which we listen to or like that much, particularly now. Getting compared to bands that you don’t like or listen to because you don’t have a singer was really odd and very frustrating.

How have the songs translated into the live arena?

Pretty well so far. We’ve played them out a bit now and the reaction has been really positive. There’s nothing like getting a good reaction from a crowd when it’s obvious that most of the people have never heard the song before. I was a little concerned how they would sound next to the older instrumental things, but it wasn’t problem – in fact, they probably complemented each other.

Am I right in thinking you played the Warp20 event in Paris? How was that?

Yeah, we played the New York one too. The Paris one was cool. The room our venue was in had a monstrous soundsystem which we used to the best of our ability. There were also lasers on stage, and pretty much any time there are lasers on stage you know things are serious.

You featured Bowie’s ‘Warszawa’ on the first episode of your podcast. I hear a lot of Pivot in Eno and in that track in particular, almost a reinvention/reclaiming of classic synth noises you don’t hear much anymore...

What a tune. We met Brian Eno last year when he invited us to play at the Opera House in Sydney as a part of a festival he was curating. It was obviously a highlight of the last year, maybe my entire life. I remember hearing Low when I was really getting into Bowie. I was young and thought it was really weird and wasn’t sure if I liked it. It took me about 8 years to realize it’s genius - that’s a good sign of a bold record right there.

I wouldn’t say we are ‘reclaiming’ classic synth sounds, but on the whole we feel they have a real warmth and human quality that modern day synths and plugins simply don’t have. If we could afford to buy and travel around with more of them, we probably would, but I doubt we’d get to Jean Michel-Jarre territory.

Is it important to you that you are signed to an independent label?

Well, for the music we make, it makes the most sense. Major labels wouldn’t have a clue what to do with our music and we’d be wasted on them. It’s important that your music gets represented in the right way. Whether a major or indie label is right for you depends on your music and what you want to be doing with it.

Do you have any advice for aspiring musicians trying to carve out a career for themselves?

Make sure the people that are working with you and for you are excited and positive about your band and your music. Don’t just assume they are. If they aren’t, no one else is going to be.

Do you think the internet has had a positive or negative effect on music?

Negative. Overall, I worry about the future of music as it is and was.

PVT will be playing the UK in September.

pvtpvt.net

CRUEL.

CAMPANHIA DE DANÇA
DEBORAH COLKER.
19TH MAY@LYCEUM.

I have not been to the ballet often, so it was with an air of uncertainty that I gingerly took my seat at Sheffield's Lyceum Theatre to watch the Companhia De Dança Deborah Colker's new show Cruel. Fortunately, I was not to be disappointed.

The show is the brainchild of the Brazilian choreographer who, aside from forays into professional volleyball, has had the distinction of being the first female to direct a performance for the Cirque du Soleil. Somewhat unsurprisingly, her choreography reflects the physical nature of sport and circus, as well as drawing more conventional inspiration from ballet and Latin American dance.

The show opens around a complex courting ritual. Center stage is given up to a huge suspended chandelier under which the dancers weave in amongst each other, interchanging mating rites yet always leaving out one solitary woman, who prowls the stage in search of company. Later, as the dancers become less clothed and sweatier from their games, a more sinister tone is implied in the violent and intense movements comprised of two, three and more groups of intertwined bodies.

After a lengthy ceremony of acceptance and rejection the focus shifts to a long white table which stages a hectic dance of torture and passion. The dancers writhe around on and under the table in a sordid swell to unsettling and dissonant breakcore. As the noise tails out, a solitary dancer enters and offers a male some knives which are thrown into the table around a submissive woman. The scene ends in the mutual pain of the dancers as they leave limp, carried by their colleagues. While the dance is beautiful, absorbing and even moving, it also has elements of pure evil.

After the interval, Colker displays a further foray into her theme using mirrors built onto wheels. The dancers constantly rearrange the mirrors and revolve them in their frames, creating a sense of movement and confusion on stage which is not only eye catching but also disturbing, as images of dismembered legs and arms flash in and out of the audience's line of sight. The music constantly switches between classical chamber music and cacophonous noises to create an unsettling vision of the body and the way it can be perceived. Dancers reflect the cat and mouse games of love by appearing and disappearing in relation to each other in an ever intensifying whirlwind of reflected poses and dashes across the stage before vanishing to leave a solitary woman smiling as if to say, "don't worry, it's over now".

Overall, I found the interpretation of cruelty to be mainly carnal. Colker so readily pairs the tender and loving with the sordid and dark. Often dancers will team off and dance solos which begin passionately and end tragically with people falling to the floor in violent tumbles or bowing their heads in despair. The choreography is very effective at exploring such an abstract theme but also remains entirely eye catching and bold. It seldom felt dull and always provided something to enjoy.

The dance is among the best I've seen and certainly alone worth coming to see Cruel for, but it is the music that I most appreciated. Composer and musical director Berna Ceppas has been with the company since 1994, and his experience with the choreographer and dancers really shows. His tracks switch between the tenderness of love and the brutality and savagery of its pitfalls. They are composed with lots of skill and care and show an artist who draws influence from everything between baroque and jungle. It complements the moves on stage with dexterity yet completely stands up as a work of art on its own. Ceppas has also released a series of solo projects which after a morning of delving, I can wholeheartedly recommend.

Be you dancer, muso or lover of all things dark, this show has a lot to offer.

ciadeborahcolker.com.br



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5pm - 9pm
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Tuesday 1st June

9pm - 11pm
Crazy Crow
Live Irish music sessions in the bar
Free entry

Wednesday 2nd June

7.30pm - 9pm
Spoken Word Night
Poetry prose and readings
£2.00 entry

Thursday 3rd June

7.45pm - 9pm
Two pieces of theatre
'All about the Full Stops'
'High Speed Impact. Test number one'

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9pm - late
Mojo Rising
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Friday 4th June

8.30pm onwards
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Saturday 5th June

7pm onwards
Latrino Gals Series 2
A photography exhibition
by Jacqui Bellamy
Free entry

Sunday 6th June

7pm onwards
Cabaret Sunday
A surreal night of cabaret
(details to be confirmed).

Monday 7th June

7.30pm
Film Night
A screening of various shorts from
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Tuesday 8th June

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Wednesday 9th June

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MUSIC IN FILM:

SIMÕES AND HOWDEN IN CONVERSATION.

Whether you're a professional filmmaker or a film buff (or both), you always seem to instinctively know if a particular piece of music in a given scene is working or not. Perhaps because we all love music - a medium which unquestionably speaks directly to our emotions - and we all construct our own mental library of cinematic conventions as we go along.

Some argue that the best film score is the one you don't remember when you come out of the cinema. The kind that complemented the imagery so discreetly and in such a non-obtrusive fashion, that you just absorbed it and 'rejoined the real world after the credits rolled' with all but a feeling (instead of a clear recollection). Others support the view that music should enhance film by taking a more active, prominent role. This is not just where the Hollywood convention has established itself, but also where a lot of room for errors of judgement can be found - from the 'wall-to-wall' score being used to cover other shortcomings, to the over-the-top orchestral shock punctuations of action, placed there just in case the audience is drifting off.

Still, it's within this second notion - of music being more of a protagonist in the structure of the film - that a fine line can be drawn between what's become common use and the transcendental main theme. This is where, for example, Alfred Hitchcock chose to operate. A successful mainstream language which found its most perfectly balanced output in the shape of a series of films made unforgettable with the music of Bernard Herrmann: the unparalleled **Vertigo** (1958), the unique **North by Northwest** (1959) and the unnerving **Psycho** (1960).

Certainly, the case could be made for such artistic equilibrium having reached its pinnacle in the early/mid 90's with Krzysztof Kieslowski's **The Double Life of Véronique** (1991) and Zbigniew Preisner's **Three Colours Trilogy** (1993/94), but a more contemporary and popular example of a composer/director relationship which has achieved equal success could be that of Pedro Almodóvar and Alberto Iglesias. Their initial trio of collaborations - comprising of **Live Flesh** (1997), **All About My Mother** (1999) and **Talk To Her** (2002) - are not just Almodóvar's finest work to date, but also the turning point from which his cinematic vision established itself more fully and beyond mere storytelling.

My first proper steps into this perilous, ungrateful yet magical art form were enriched by a background in music. Previous musical collaborators from my hometown of Lisbon acknowledged filmmaking as an extension of my personal artistic expression and a blend of full scores and highly atmospheric soundscapes were supplied to my earlier output by the likes of electro-pop band The Ultimate Architects, experimental project Survival MXN and composer Nishal Ranchhod.

As things progressed and solidified, my path was to cross that of Sieben, the Sheffield-based project of Matt Howden. At the time, I was entering production with my erotic mystery tale **Antlers of Reason** (2006) and knew I needed music that would reflect its simultaneously gentle and muscular approach to paganism. Matt was working on the follow-up of his exquisite Sieben album **Ogham Inside The Night** and felt that a visual complement would add an extra dimension to the release.

It was a meeting of two minds. After the completion of the full-length DVD which accompanied the album **High Broad Field**, we never looked back and I have had the privilege of collaborating with Matt on a variety of projects.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, I met him at his recording studio. The occasion was to discuss the music for an upcoming film project of mine entitled **Where Her Dreams End** and to record an original piece for my latest feature film, **Torpor Revisited**. With the microphone set up, we decided to record the following conversation exclusively for Now Then:

JPS: We have worked both ways, from me 'abusing' your music (completely re-editing and chopping it) to you sitting in front of something that I've done and working to it. How do you see your music, which was done with a specific purpose, achieving this kind of 'second life'?

MH: Well, it's great. And strange, because if it's not written for an image, you have your own images in your head...

JPS: But still, when Antlers of Reason and High Broad Field came about, the first thing I noticed in regards to your music was how cinematic it was. It was begging to be plastered onto some imagery and some very specific moods and narratives. It was beyond anything I could expect or hope...

MH: It was a very nice 'coincidence' that was meant to be, wasn't it?

JPS: Everyone who watches the finished film (Antlers of Reason) believes that that music was written for those scenes because they just fit perfectly. There's no struggle when I work with or to your music. It's a two-way thing that is really, really healthy.

MH: When I'm writing to the image, there are cue points that I either have to stick to or avoid intentionally, so it's very interesting to see where you choose those cut-points. I have to fight my natural musical instinct to emphasise in solid, particular points, especially when I'm writing and there's dialogue in between, because obviously it's much less cohesive as a whole.

JPS: That really goes with something I also believe: that for me every stage of filmmaking can be artistic expression in its own right, that any given portion can be excised from it and presented as good expression within that art form.

MH: Two things from that, then. One is if you take the artistic thing as a whole, with the music and the film art forms in their own right, when one backs off, there is room for the other to shine more and be heard. And there are definitely times when the music needs to cut through and not be heard. That's why, secondly, I'm always keen if people want to re-edit after the music's happened. If the music I give you makes you want to change something (even if I have to change something myself afterwards), it's always a good process, I think.

JPS: It comes down to this - if you find someone's work which speaks so clearly to you - and therefore enables your own work to become more robust - you just have to, completely out of respect for the other person, 'let go'.

MH: Yeah and from my perspective, being a band musician turned film composer, you have to fight your natural instincts, because they would be to fill the whole canvas. Whereas here, you've only got the bottom-third of the canvas to fill, as it were. You have to find a way of being what you are, whilst being a bit less than what you are. There's liberation in doing it all yourself with your own vision. I think we've probably both found satisfaction in co-operation by writing things to order or working for other people. For instance, I produce somebody else's album or I do some session work for somebody and I'm quite happy to give what they need, but then I go back to my own world and it's entirely my own choice. In the commissioned film work, where I have to give what's necessary to the person and their personality, I learn new things and I get challenged in similar ways that I used to in music.

JPS - Completely, yes. It's different processes and what you're more comfortable to work within, but so long you can 'go back home', it's all good.

Sieben's new album, **Star Wood Brick Firmament** can be ordered from matthewden.com

The album trailer and other work conceived and directed by João Paulo Simões for and with Matt Howden, can be viewed at youtube.com/JPS3

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES IS A PORTUGUESE FILMMAKER LIVING AND WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN SHEFFIELD - HIS WORKS INCLUDE ANTLERS OF REASON AND AN ARRAY OF MUSIC VIDEOS AND DOCUMENTARIES;

FILMREEL.

WHATEVER WORKS (2009).
DIRECTOR - WOODY ALLEN.
REVIEWER - OWEN COGAN.

Woody Allen's writing is funny, intelligent and profound. He is a witty, sensitive, wise and romantic Jew and a lot of his films are brilliant, but this one isn't. It's not terrible and beats films like his 1995 offering Match Point hands down. Larry David's performance is strong and as usual Allen's illustration of neurotic despair is wittily executed and displays some touching insights. It's just that Whatever Works doesn't seem very earnest. Larry David's character Bruno comes out with some hilarious lines, but essentially he's a bit of a dick and not nearly as likeable as Allen's anxious and bumbling protagonists usually are. Bruno is a Woody Allen character with all the usual pretence, social incompetence and existential angst but none of the charisma, charm or amiability. Apart from this the dialogue sometimes verges on rubbish, many of the characters are hopelessly underdeveloped and a few of them, like the guy who steals Bruno's wife, are uncomfortably annoying, which I really don't think was the director's intention.

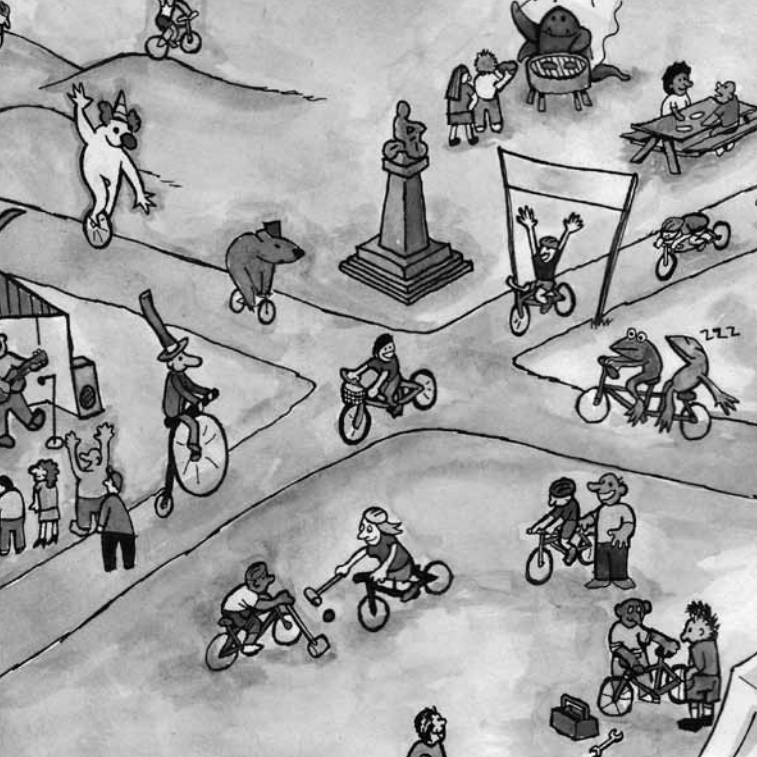
Whatever Works tells the story of Bruno, a self-certified genius who was almost nominated for a Nobel prize for his work in quantum mechanics. Bruno meets a 21 year old southern blonde girl who is sleeping rough on the street outside his New York apartment. He treats the naïve girl to all his dysfunctional hatred of the world, his night terrors and his pompous condescension. He is surprised when, despite what he perceives as his staggeringly superior intelligence, he falls in love and marries the girl. An intentionally absurd story unfolds involving right-wing southern parents, suicide attempts, threesomes and houseboats.

It's not that this film is a failure, because it has all the ingredients of a great Woody Allen movie. It's just not that well written or executed. It's good enough, funny enough and charming enough to enjoy but not without the constant feeling something is not quite working. I suppose it's hard not to expect more from Woody, especially when the film involves a collaboration with Larry David.

Anyway, his even newer film premiered at Cannes last week. Maybe that will satisfy our yearnings for Woody's truth nuggets more successfully.

Make up your own mind - Whatever Works is on at the Showroom from June 25th.





SHARROW VALE ROAD. SEE BACK COVER MAP.

It's finally happened. For all those who would prefer to shop locally at independent outlets, to shop sustainably and support the financial infrastructure of the community, Sharrow Vale road is now a comprehensive and viable alternative to Eccy road's Tesco.

We all know that Ecclesall rd has a beautiful bevy of independent bars, cafes, boutiques and specialist shops which offer a brilliant alternative to the soulless clones of Murderhell or the high street, but the lack of anywhere other than the Berkley centre to do your food shopping has meant that we have had little choice than to join the drone-que and oil the machine of big business all too often. However, just off the beaten track there is a community of shops that has been quietly thriving and, since Nikki Muir opened her fresh green grocers the Sharrow Marrow last month, now offers all the fresh produce you need.

It's not just a romantic, liberal notion that supporting independent trade is important, it actually makes perfect sense to the discerning consumer. It's the pride of ownership and the personal touch that really shine through, with each place having it's own character and charm and with each trader a specialist in their field. Show me a single cut of beef in the fluorescent aisles of Tesco that can hold a candle to those in the famous Roney's butchers, or a delivery of fresh, organic fruit and veg as regular as Nikki's. Show me a piece of fresh fish that could rival a J H Mann fillet, and offer the beautiful scent of the sea that hits you when you walk in. This is true of every one of Sharrow Vale's multitude of restaurants, chippys, bakers, news agents, book shops, mechanics and shops of all kind and makes it an area which is even greater than the sum of it's individual and charismatic parts.

So it could be argued that the corporations have their uses (cars, phones, laptops etc.). Maybe, but, for everything else, there's Sharrow Vale rd.

SHEFFIELD BIKE FESTIVAL. JUNE 19TH. DEVONSHIRE GREEN.

Sheffield's first Bike Festival is going to be on June 19th on Devonshire Green between 12 and 6pm, organised by I Bike Sheffield.

Chain Reaction will be providing a bike-powered soundsystem hosting the likes of the Lazy Tree Surgeons, Flamingo Love Parade, Burskimo and Time of Hibu for your dancing pleasure.

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There will be a bike polo competition. Team submissions are currently being taken so find a couple of mates and get involved. The rules of the game can be found on the Bike Fest website.

I Bike Sheffield need your help. They are offering a free lunch in exchange for a mere 4 hours of your time, whether that's ambling around talking to people about cycling in Sheffield, helping to set up or pack down the festival or collecting donations for next year's event.

At the very least, come along and pedal one of Chain Reaction's dynamo bikes to power the stage for the bands.

If you want to get involved and help to promote and enlarge the Sheffield cycling community please send your name, number and email to ibikeshffield@burngreave.net.

sheffieldbikefestival.org.uk

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OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

QUALITY TIME. VOLUNTARY ACTION SHEFFIELD (VAS). THE CIRCLE, 33 ROCKINGHAM LANE. VAS.ORG.UK 0114 253 6638. /C.WALSH@VAS.ORG.UK

Quality Time is a campaign co-ordinated by Voluntary Action Sheffield as part of Sheffield Volunteering Strategy. It aims to encourage more people to volunteer by using a different theme each month to demonstrate the different ways in which people can help themselves, as well as others, by becoming a volunteer. The theme for June is 'Feeling Happy & Fulfilled', demonstrating how people who volunteer feel happier, have greater self-confidence and experience more fulfilled lives. There are many volunteering opportunities available with organisations such as Heeley City Farm, Sheffield 50+, Art in the Park, Home-Start Sheffield, Alzheimers Society and Sheffield Samaritans.

Anyone can volunteer, regardless of their age, situation or background - even if it's only a couple of hours a week. So why not spend some of your quality time volunteering?

SHEFFIELD MIND. LAWTON TONGE HOUSE, WOSTENHOLM ROAD. SHEFFIELDMIND.CO.UK / 0114 258 4489.

One in four people will suffer from a mental health condition at some point in their life. So if it's not you, it's someone you know. Despite this, mental health is the one of the most underfunded parts of the NHS and psychology is only sexy when Derren Brown's winking at the camera. So thank goodness for Sheffield Mind.

Affiliated with the national charity Mind, your local branch offers support for those with mental health difficulties and their carers, as well as working to end discrimination and promote good health for all the brains in our fair city. Services offered include one-to-one counselling, art therapy and volunteering opportunities. If you or anyone you know needs support or fancies a bit of voluntary work, get in touch.

Sheffield Mind is also branching into live music events. Their first show will be a folk extravaganza at the Riverside Bar on July 8th from 8pm. Confirmed acts include Andy Duxfield and Carl Woodford - entry is free (with donations much appreciated!)

THE OLD CROWN. 137 LONDON ROAD. 0114 255 0163.

It's been a good few months since we last gave a nod to this cracking little boozer, but now there's good cause. There's still the tournament standard pool table (still only 50p a frame), there's still the projector screen and lounge for the sport and there's still the friendliest service to be found on London Road. Out the back though, there's been something of a shake-up. As summer teases us with its impending presence, Sue and Pete have had their already lovely beer garden turned into a Mediterranean haven. With gleaming white-wash walls, all-new comfy wicker chairs and a surround of natural browns and greens, it's a real transformation. You'll also find the prices dead reasonable and the regulars a welcoming bunch. Bring on the cider in the sun.

THE POMONA. 255 ECCLESALL ROAD. 0114 266 9712.

As World Cup fever takes hold over even the most unlikely of Sheffield's sports fans, the Pomona has all angles covered. It's almost impossible to find a seat without a perfect view of a massive telly which will come the 11th be showing all the footy you could hope for and perhaps a tad more.

Big screens - big deal? So there are plenty of pubs resplendent with plasma, but the Pomona's trump card is undoubtedly it's food menu. It is genuinely cheaper and a lot easier to eat at the Pomona than it is to buy the ingredients and cook for yourself. Less than three quid for homemade, freshly prepared lasagne and chips. Mental. As well as serving your pub grub classics, kitchen manager Freddie is bang into his cookery and keeps his specials board changing regularly with his latest creations. Winner.

HEARTBREAK PRODUCTIONS. 24TH JUNE TO 13TH AUGUST. HEARTBREAKPRODUCTIONS.CO.UK / 0114 249 6000.

Heartbreak do their open air theatre at the Botanical Gardens again this summer, attracting a few thousand people for a spot of very British entertainment. Some find this Sheffield institution entirely by accident, with placcy bag to sit on and a bottle of cheap white from the Tesco Express. Others are Glyndebourne-wannabes with table, chairs, candelabra and evening dress. It's nothing short of fantastic. Also worth a mention is the continued providence of teas, coffees and light refreshments from our old favourite Cafe Euro down on John St. How does Heartbreak continue to attract such diverse audiences? It's simple - Sheffield folk love quality entertainment, and this is just that. Add a picnic on a blanket with your best mates and what's not to love?

24th -27th June - An Ideal Husband.
9th - 11th July - Love in Shakespeare.
10-13th August - The Secret Garden.

SHEFFIELD GREEN FAIR. JUNE 26TH (11AM-5PM). ST MARY'S COMMUNITY CENTRE, BRAMALL LANE.

The 25th annual green fair - a great Sheffield day out and chance to find what's going on. Loads of different stalls including the latest green technology, food and drink, fun for kids of all ages, green living and wellbeing, all aimed at making the world a greener and fairer place

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| 1. | R. HAYMAN. | 13. | MAD COW. | 25. | JH MANN. |
| 2. | NEW YORK DELI. | 14. | CRUCIBLE THEATRE. | 26. | TWO STEPS. |
| 3. | KELHAM ISLAND. | 15. | PLUG. | 27. | PORTER BOOKS. |
| 4. | RIVERSIDE BAR. | 16. | SHOWROOM / WORKSTATION. | 28. | CAFÉ EURO. |
| 5. | BEANIES. | 17. | POMONA. | 29. | THORNBRIDGE BREWERY. |
| 6. | YOUNG WRITER'S FESTIVAL. | 18. | KUJI. | 30. | ABBEYDALE BREWERY. |
| 7. | THE HARLEY. | 19. | SHARROW MARROW. | 31. | HEARTBREAK. |
| 8. | RARE & RACY. | 20. | RONEY'S. | | |
| 9. | V.A.S. | 21. | MOGUL ROOM. | | |
| 10. | FORUM / GOLDEN HARVEST. | 22. | MISH MASH. | | |
| 11. | THE FAT CAT. | 23. | BILASH. | | |
| 12. | CORPORATION. | 24. | SHARROW LAUNDRETTE. | | |